

THE LIVING AGE

NUMBER 4026

SEPTEMBER 3, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

IRISH PREDICTIONS

SCRUTATOR, who contributes a weekly political article to the London *Sunday Times*, believes that the influence of General Smuts in the proposed Irish settlement has been exerted in favor of a federal solution. He says: 'It is by the mixing of the Irish people that union will be obtained'; and that this can best be had in a united federal Parliament of Ireland. 'The great problem of Irish unity is to substitute genuine political divisions for the present racial and religious divisions.' He conjectures what the political divisions might be in such a Parliament.

A strong clerical party there would certainly be, sometimes acting with one section, at other times with another. There would be a strong Belfast Labor party, which would find its natural allies in the Labor men and agrarians of the South. The Conservative Irish landlords of the South, again, would tend to work with the capitalists of Ulster. In a few years the divisions of race and religion would disappear, as they have done in English politics; and we should have natural divisions obliterating the old ones and giving Ireland, for the first time in her history, politics in the English sense.



A NEW SOCIALIST PROGRAMME

THE majority Socialists of Germany, who profess to represent the old traditions of the party, revised their Erfurt

programme at the recent Kassel convention. As briefly summarized in press reports, the new platform opens with the following preamble: —

The Social Democratic Party of Germany is the party of the laboring people. It seeks to replace the capitalist economic system by a Socialist economic system, guaranteeing the welfare of all members of society, and thereby the highest general intellectual and moral culture of the nation.

The economic programme contains the following demands: (1) Community control and utilization of the soil, natural sources of power, and other natural resources, under such conditions as will increase production and improve the general welfare; (2) state control of capitalist trusts' and syndicates; (3) encouragement of consumers' coöperative societies, conducted without the intention of making profits; (4) elimination of bureaucratic red-tape from all government agencies having to do with production and distribution, guaranteed freedom of movement for labor, official conciliation of industrial disputes, and public regulation of prices; (5) compensation for private property taken over by the public in carrying out this programme, to the extent to which the latter is the product of the mental or manual labor of the owner.

Among other important points in the programme is: 'Rejection of any dicta-

torship by a minority and of all compulsion brought to bear upon democratic organs of government by trade organizations.'



WHAT OCCUPATION IS FOR GERMANY

A SPECIAL correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, writing from Mainz in July, describes conditions in the Rhine territories occupied by the British and Americans as likely to shake a person's preconceptions of what a foreign military occupation means. In the first place, the British and Americans have confined themselves 'almost absolutely to simple military occupation.' In the second place, they have settled down among the population with 'nonchalance, even friendliness.' In addition the district is prosperous.

Crowded cafés and *bierhalle*, music everywhere, every one healthy looking and well dressed, the children robust, full of life, a delight to the eye, so clean (for the distinctive German characteristic, after all, is cleanliness) that, as Mark Twain remarked of them half a century ago, there is n't one that you could n't take into your lap — these are unmistakable symptoms. . . . Contented holiday-makers, all Germans save for a sprinkling of Americans, crowd the Rhine steamboats; along the roads beside the river, or in the woods, the 'wander-birds' of a German summer are on the march — boys and girls together in troops, rucksack on the back, half-bare, scorched mahogany-brown in these dog-days, even singing as they tramp to the tinkle of the guitar.

While it would be too much to say that the British and Americans are popular, they are well received.

The British soldier and officer, and the Americans too, are exceedingly happy here. They do not want to leave. I have seen the American drafts leaving Coblenz. They do so with long faces and undisguised regret. Their life here is one of sheer idleness, unmitigated holiday in a holiday land. Yet, of course, it is sheer loafing for men and

officers alike, and therefore in itself a bad thing — a waste of British and American labor-power, and of German too, for the Germans have to pay for it all.

This correspondent contrasts the manners of the English Tommy and the American soldier as follows: —

Shyness and gentleness of voice and manner distinguish the English 'Tommy' in Cologne, as they do the Englishman everywhere. He does not intrude unnecessarily, does n't push into the better-class cafés, though you do see him at concerts and the opera; and, on the whole, he keeps very much to himself. Yet he often gets into close and affectionate intimacy with the family upon whom he is billeted. Now, the American is neither shy, nor quiet-spoken, nor reticent in habit; always and everywhere he is 'a good mixer.' As compared with Cologne, Coblenz is but a small place, bright but rather 'upish,' like Tunbridge Wells. The 'doughboys' pervade, overwhelm it. The average American's knack of 'mixing' with his fellow creatures is, no doubt, a superficial expression of the social instinct, and without any political or other significance; but it is one that goes a long way in a short time. Go into the older quarters of the town, or cross to Ehrenbreitstein, and you will see that instinct in full blast; the beer-houses full of rollicking youths from Kansas or Pennsylvania or the Pacific slope, 'mixing' with the peasants and workmen, chaffing the landlord's wife and daughter; every lane a 'lovers' lane' and every bench a 'lovers' seat'; almost every cheap photographer's display including a group portrait of an American soldier with his German bride, usually surrounded, as by a capturing squad, by a large German family looking excessively German in tall hats and frock-coats. One would like to have statistics of these marriages. Above all, the 'doughboy' has wealth at his command, — his pocket-money far exceeding the total income of the most skilled workmen, — and he spends it lavishly.

In the opinion of this observer, the French have not been so successful in conciliating the local population in the larger part of the Occupied Zone —

three fourths is held by their troops — as have been the English and the Americans.

Between troops and people there is no intercourse, no contact of any redeeming kind. How could there be? One has only to pay a casual visit to Mainz or to Wiesbaden, to understand the popular feeling, even to sympathize with it. Whatever reasons, economic or other, dictated the use of African troops, they ought not to have been allowed to count against the certainty of the effect. It is true that they are not negro troops, but North Africans; not 'niggers' therefore, nor without a certain minimum of culture. Nor is it true, so far as I can discover, that they are billeted upon the people in their houses. Yet it makes little difference whether their color is ebony or *café-au-lait*, or whether their contact with the people is not carried to the extent of defiling their homes. Even were they harmless, — and, despite inevitable exaggeration and a good deal of propaganda, there is abundant and incontestable evidence of the grossest animal-like misbehavior, — the mere sight of them in the streets and railway stations is an offense and humiliation, even to a visiting stranger. Since the beginning, too, the psychology of the French authorities has been wrong — a psychology created, no doubt, by a bitter war propaganda, which leads to an excessive and always unsympathetic interference in purely administrative matters best left to the Germans themselves, and which finds, for example, significant expression in the use of the term 'Boche' even in official documents. The result is a bitterness of feeling that will not easily be effaced from the popular memory.

Another side of the story is given in a highly temperamental letter of protest by a German lady, apparently a resident of the American occupied area, in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

We are strangers in our own homes. We have families quartered upon us in our domestic privacy, who can conduct themselves as they please upon our premises. We have to supply them with clean household linen and all the other facilities of a

home. . . . We have n't a single place which we can call our own; no security or privacy, no place to which to carry our family joys or our family sorrows. . . . I am not concerned with the manners and conduct of the foreigners who are thrust upon us. Some are cultivated, others coarse and uncultivated; some are cleanly, others slovenly and dirty; some are good, and others bad. It is numbered among our blessings in this period of trial if we chance to have quartered upon us considerate persons, who appreciate the embarrassment and inconvenience they necessarily cause, and try to make the situation as easy as possible. But those persons are rare. I did hear one lady of that kind remark, that American women would never endure what German women tolerate without protest. . . . I could give you an endless list of the disagreeable incidents which are destroying the peace and happiness of our home-life and making nervous wrecks of German housewives — the incessant quarrels between our own servants and those of our foreign guests, who are always wrangling over the use of the kitchen and other domestic conveniences. An American lady with her dollars can pay a servant much more liberally than can a German family. That creates constant jealousy. Our own servants are ever complaining that they have to clean up after the untidy but higher-paid servants of the families quartered upon us. . . . 'My home is my world.' Yes, it used to be so. Formerly my greatest happiness was in the neatness and tidiness of my home. No dust. Everything in order. Every article in my house my own. Now that has all vanished.



MORE CONFERENCE COMMENT

THE *New Statesman* provides the inevitable exception to the practically unanimous optimism with which the British periodical press welcomes the Washington Conference. It apparently does not believe that this meeting can accomplish much in the way of reducing land armaments. France cannot materially lessen her forces so long as the inequitable provisions of the Treaty

of Versailles are in effect to foment new antagonisms. Great Britain needs all her present troops to fulfill the obligations imposed by her policy in Ireland, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and India. This journal asks whether Washington is prepared to open all the questions which thus lie behind the disarmament of France and Great Britain alone.

Japan's large army and the small army of the United States are equally determined by factors which are hardly appropriate for discussion at such a conference. 'It appears, therefore, that any discussion of military disarmament at Washington will be only a waste of time, and for the sake of avoiding a fiasco had probably better not take place at all.'

Turning to the question of naval armaments, the situation is equally complex and unpromising. Japan's attitude

is that she has special and unique interests in the Far East, and particularly in relation to China, which must be recognized before she can consent to negotiate on the subject with other Powers. America, however, it seems, is not at present prepared to accept that condition. The prospects, therefore, of an agreement to limit naval armaments are only slightly less remote than those of an agreement on military armaments.

The purpose of these cautions is not to discourage the coming meeting, but to put the difficulties that stand in the way of its success clearly before the minds of those responsible for the programme of the Conference and its outcome.

Debating the forthcoming conference at Washington, Sir Joseph Cook, who is acting Prime Minister of Australia during the absence of Mr. Hughes, expressed the opinion in Parliament that Australia was more interested in the settlement of Pacific problems than in disarmament, and that, if the two questions were considered separately, Great

Britain might quite well represent the whole Empire on the latter question.

Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister, in addressing the American Luncheon Club at London, laid stress upon the need of settling the Pacific problem first and upon the importance of Australia and New Zealand being represented in the conference. The conference could succeed only if it recognized facts. He said:—

There is no tribunal to whom we are prepared to submit the White Australia policy. There are some things upon which no nation can yield. There is no nation, I venture to say, which has not got its equivalent of the Monroe Doctrine or the White Australia policy.

He predicted that unless a satisfactory basis for disarmament was reached, Great Britain would be compelled to enter a new race for naval supremacy, with the Dominions behind her. He concluded as follows:—

Australia wants to know how it will be with her. You may say you approve of the White Australia policy; but do not forget that, in order, to settle these Pacific problems, you must consider the Japanese view as well as your own. We cannot deny that you have interests there, and we cannot deny that they are, in proportion to our numbers, infinitely greater; but you cannot deny that Japan has special interests also in the Pacific. Well, is it not clear that unless we can effect a settlement satisfactory to Japan, America, and Britain, there can be no hope of a successful conference with regard to disarmament? The problems that arise in the Pacific must be solved if the Conference at Washington is not to bring forth the same Dead Sea fruit that the League of Nations did.

Much interesting comment continues to appear in the Japanese press relative to the coming conference at Washington, and unless all signs fail, this will be the leading topic discussed by trans-Pacific journals between now and December. *Kokumin*, after observing that

the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is now 'a corpse,' welcomes in principle the proposal for disarmament, but questions America's sincerity. It says that the United States was the most influential of the five powers in promoting the inclusion of the League of Nations Covenant in the Peace Treaty. Yet America opposes the League of Nations and has refused to ratify the Treaty. Consequently, even allowing for the fact that President Wilson was an idealist and President Harding is a practical-minded man, there is, in the opinion of this journal, the danger that considerations of domestic politics will cause America again to reverse her diplomatic course.

We are not opposed to an armament agreement between Japan, Great Britain, and America. We are opposed to Japan and the Powers being befooled by America. Before the proposed five-power conference is opened, the Powers have the right to ask the degree of America's sincerity and determination.

Yamato returns to the important place that China will hold in the negotiations:—

Pacific problems cover Japanese-American relations, and also include questions relating to Japanese-Australian relations. But the centre of the matter is China. Since the subjects for the proposed conference are little different from those covered by the question of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, we may take it that the suspension of the negotiations regarding the Alliance has given rise to the proposed Pacific conference.

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ITALY'S NEW PREMIER

IVANOE BONOMI, the new Italian Premier, was born at Mantua in 1875. After a brilliant university career, in which he devoted himself especially to economics and finance, he became a teacher and journalist. In his younger days he was an ardent Socialist, and he soon became a follower of Labriola and

the reformist group of that party. His intimacy with Bissolati led to his becoming the editor-in-chief of *Avanti*, during the period that this Socialist organ was under the latter's management. Leaving the Socialist Party with his chief, when its members showed a disposition to adopt revolutionary policies, he was one of the founders of the Reformist Party, and a strong advocate of Italy's joining the Allies against the Central Powers. He became Minister of Public Works in 1916, and was again appointed to the same office three years later, in the second Orlando Cabinet. Between these two periods in the ministry, he fought at the front as an officer of the Alpine troops. He has been a contributor, not only to *Avanti*, but to *Critica Sociale*, and other radical journals. His service both in Parliament and in the Department of Public Works has been distinguished. Becoming Minister of War in the midst of demobilization, he is credited with having brought order out of the confusion which then prevailed. He was offered the premiership in 1920, when the second Nitti Cabinet failed, but refused it.

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A MOSQUE AT PARIS

PARIS is to have a Mosque. It will be in the old quarter of the city near the Botanical Garden, and is due to the initiative of an endowed Mohammedan Society. However, the municipality has given the site and the French Parliament has voted an appropriation to assist the work. Marshal Lyautey, military commander in Morocco, is also actively interested in the enterprise. A single Mohammedan dignitary has given 125,000 francs to the building fund. Commenting upon this enterprise, *Le Figaro* says:—

It is natural that there should be a mosque at Paris. One hundred thousand Mus-

sulmans fell in the cause of France during the war. Twenty million followers of the Prophet live under our law or our protection. Every day the number of our African subjects who visit Paris for pleasure, study, or business is growing greater. More yet will come when they are assured that they will find here things they consider indispensable; basins for their ablutions; muezzins to call them to prayer and indicate the direction of Mecca, pulpits where their readers interpret the Koran; and that atmosphere of silence, of retirement, of religious gloom for which they feel the greater need in our vast, strange city, with its activity and life.



END OF THE BRITISH INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE

THE London *Observer* reports the passing of the Provisional Joint Industrial Committee, which resulted from the National Industrial Conference that met in London on February 27, 1919. In so doing, it records the failure of another widely heralded, and, it was hoped, promising attempt to better the relations between British capital and labor. The Joint Committee consisted of an equal number of employers and workers under a government chairman, and was commissioned to consider questions relating to hours, wages, and general conditions of employment; unemployment and its prevention; and coöperation between capital and labor. This Committee presented unanimous findings to a second National Conference held on April 4, 1919; but when these findings were incorporated in proposed legislation, differences of opinion arose between the government and various representatives of the Conference. The Committee recommended a statutory eight-hour day, a statutory minimum wage, measures for preventing unemployment, and the establishment of a permanent national industrial council. All these measures proved politically in-

expedient in the eyes of the cabinet, or were embodied in acts so unsatisfactory to the representatives of labor and industry as to prove impossible of enactment.



MINOR NOTES

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following footnote to Sir Geoffrey Butler's article upon 'Anglo-Saxon Relations,' which appeared in our issue of July 30, with the comment that it 'is a great pity that the names of famous architects should so often be unknown':—

The architect referred to by Sir Geoffrey Butler was Bruce Price. The first building in which he 'chose to make his analogy a classic column' was that of the American Surety Company on the southern corner of Broadway and Pine Street, New York City. He was a genius and his name should not be forgotten.

ON the fourth of July, a Hungarian-American Society was organized in Budapest. The initial meeting was held in the hall of the Lower House of Parliament. Several members of the Cabinet, and other distinguished men, were present. Count Albert Apponyi was elected president. In the evening, this society and the Hungarian Foreign Society conducted exercises in front of the Washington monument in the City Forest. Several members of the government were present. The concluding address, by Count Apponyi, was delivered in English. He emphasized the community of ideals between the Hungarian and the American people. He said: 'Hungarian liberty may, perhaps, be but a little chapel compared with the mighty cathedral which the heroes of American freedom have erected; but it has taken more toil and labor to build this little chapel, than it has to defend successfully the liberties of England or America.'

THE CRISIS OF ISLAM

BY PAUL BRUZON

From *La Revue Mondiale*, July 15
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS SEMI-MONTHLY)

FROM the Gulf of Bengal to the farthest limits of Morocco the Mohammedan world is in a ferment. Those enemies of Mohammedanism who have learned nothing from the war call this Pan-Islamism. Others have erased that word from their vocabulary, but talk of Mussulman nationalism. Still others attribute all this turmoil to a vast Bolshevik conspiracy. The truth is, none of them is right. Whatever explanation they may advance, they all make the fundamental mistake of considering the Mohammedan world a homogeneous unit impelled by a single impulse.

Yet the most cursory examination of facts proves the falsity of this assumption.

Islam is a religion. Like every religion, it is divided into sects which differ widely from each other. First, it has its four distinct and hostile orthodox rites or creeds. Then, like every religion, it has its schisms, a veritable chaos of conflicting beliefs, compared with which the worst theological factionalism in the Christian church, even during the tumultuous days of Byzantium and Alexandria, was but child's play.

Last of all, like other faiths, — and perhaps more than most of them because of its simple creed and the ease with which it spreads, — Islam is modified by climate, customs, and previous beliefs. In Persia the mosques are adorned with vast mosaics portraying scenes of life and movement; and under the golden dome of their

lofty cupolas magi-featured *soufis* perform the Shiite rite. What have these in common with the Sumite mosques, with their scrupulously plain walls? At Stamboul resides the Caliph, toward whom all Asia turns its eyes; but in Morocco they pray in the name of the Sultan of Fez, while the Mzabites, and the faithful of Mascat and Zanzibar, repudiate any human intercessor between God and his creatures. Some Bedouins venerate the holiness of Senoussi; others reverence as their patron saint Sidi Abdelkader of Bagdad. Aissauï practise fire-dancing and eat powdered glass, under the reproving eyes of the disciples of Sidi Ech Chadhli. The dervish mystics of Skutari profess their faith by inarticulate cries and epileptic contortions, while the learned doctors of the University of El Asar grow pale patiently studying the writings of the Prophet in the light of Aristotle and Plato.

Then consider the influence of climate and of old, half-remembered pagan beliefs. A Senegal soldier will proclaim himself a good Mussulman and yet wear his heathen fetishes. The believer of Lahore is a dreamer whose soul is still wrapped in the doctrine of Karma. The faithful of Jaipur are still as caste-proud as their Brahman ancestors. And one meets Mohammedans in Calcutta with all the modernist ideas of their Parsi inheritance.

Then, too, there are equal differences in culture and enlightenment. The blue-robed women who hang offerings on the fig trees of Djurdjura doubtless

still hear in their rustling leaves the faintly echoing laughter of ancient Numidian goddesses. The Sahara nomad reverences his Marabouts to-day just as, in the time of Sallust, he revered his sorcerers and diviners. On the other hand, the educated Mohammedan of Tunis or Algiers, with his Young-Turk sympathies and affiliations, is preoccupied with the political and economic aspects of his faith, rather than with its spiritual teachings.

Amid all this diversity, where is the common impulse that will sweep the whole world of Islam into one current? In the early days of the hegira, a prophet might command his disciples to raise the standard of *djehad*, of the Holy War, and to convert the infidels by force. But we should not forget that he meant by infidels Arab idolaters, not Christians, or even Jews. Leaving that aside, however, it is very debatable whether the *djehad* was the sole force which enabled the early caliphs to conquer half the world. Is a holy war something to be feared to-day? That is almost a childish question. Pan-Islamism is a word without meaning.

Does this mean that we can abolish or humiliate the caliphate with impunity? India replies with a savage, menacing 'No,' and England listens. But Morocco and Mzab, schismatic lands, which reject the Sultan's religious authority and whose lingering friendliness for Turkey is merely historical and sentimental, remain indifferent. The rest of our African empire receives the suggestion with sad resignation rather than with such fanatical protests as stir all British India. Why is this? It is simply because the discipline of Brahma still sways the Indian Mohammedans. So true is this that agitation for the Sultan has already ceased to be solely religious. Even the most zealous of the faithful now subordinate the caliphate issue to a strictly

Aryan ideal, appealing equally to Brahmans and Mussulmans — constitutional liberty:

It is the same with Egypt. Egyptian nationalism is no more Mohammedan than it is Copt. The ancient kingdom of the Ptolemies needed no religious incentive to revive the memories of its former glory. It may even be argued that Islam was for centuries one source of the country's weakness. Was it not precisely when Egypt threw off the fetters of Islam's narrow dogma, under the influence of Sheik Abdu and his disciples, that the nation's dream of liberty revived? No, even here, the new ferment in the Mohammedan world bears no likeness to that Islamic nationalism of which alarmists make so much.

We are told that the movement in Egypt is having a powerful effect in Tunis and farther West. It is true that the people of Tunis are demanding certain constitutional rights; but those rights do not involve secession from France. Let me quote the words of one of these young patriots whom timid politicians here in France persist in picturing as dangerous revolutionists:—

We would favor full independence if Tunis were ripe for independence; but we are quite aware that our people have by no means reached that stage of evolution and progress which would enable them to govern themselves.

A second Mohammedan friend in Northern Africa writes regarding another aspect of this new spirit:—

We favor the Socialists because the Socialists are the only people who will receive us. Other parties neither understand us, nor encourage us. The administration is definitely hostile to all native influence in the government. That forces us into the arms of the Socialists. But rest assured that we shall not compromise the native movement by Bolshevism.

We can hardly criticize this attitude, though we should be alive to its perils. We must not be surprised if the alliance becomes, unintentionally on their part, more compromising than the native leaders now design, and if it eventually makes them agents of the Red tyranny at Moscow. We have seen the Bolshevik infection infiltrate itself into Turkey, even among those who distrust or detest those doctrines. Only the other day the Turkish heir-apparent, warned us:—

Our people do not sympathize with Bolshevism and are not disposed to accept its plans or its obligations. But Mustapha Kemal has raised the standard of revolt against the Treaty of Sèvres and has thus come into conflict with the Entente. Although he is not otherwise at variance with the Entente, he welcomes assistance from any source in this struggle. The Bolsheviks wish to destroy the existing order. The Kemalists simply wish to destroy a treaty which they reject. The gentlemen at Moscow do not sympathize with the Nationalist objects of the government of Angora, nor does the government of Angora approve the Communist programme of the Soviets. But the two are just now fighting the same enemies. Their paths run parallel for the moment, and they follow it together, though each is traveling to a different destination.

Pan-Islamism, Nationalism, Bolshevism, are not powerful enough in themselves to unite that great mass of divergent and conflicting peoples which we call the Islamic world. Why then is that whole world in a ferment? A glance at the map is enough for an answer. Every Mohammedan nation is governed, or threatened with government, by a Christian power. All of them have been filled by the war with an ardent longing for justice and fair play. That is the key to the puzzle. We need not seek it in the shade of the mosques and the tumult of public meetings. We shall find it in the universal resentment at foreign control, in the universal desire to have a share in the work of rebuilding the world—a world which should hold forth equal promise and hope for the whole human race.

Are these legitimate aspirations? Can we deny that? Do they constitute a peril for old Europe? It is for old Europe to answer. Everything depends on the course we take toward our dependencies. If we adopt a liberal policy, Islam will open its heart to us. Let us not forget the costly lesson which the war has taught us, the fearful fallacy of trying to rule by force alone.

SPANISH MOROCCO

BY COLIN COOTE

[This account of Spanish Morocco, by a British Army Officer, describes conditions shortly before the recent military disaster there.]

From *The Whitehall Gazette and St. James Review*, June
(TORY TOPICAL MONTHLY)

BLACK has never invaded white, not because it cannot fight, but because, presumably, the curse of Ham has never been lifted through all the ages. No considerable body of black men has ever fought upon the soil of Europe until the French brought over the Senegalese during the Great War. It is a significant fact that France alone of all the white races does not pay any particular attention to the color bar, and that 'the new world which she is calling in to redress the balance of the old' is black Africa. Her new Empire is policed and defended by white-drilled blacks. For, to the keenly logical French mind, one man is as good as another provided he possesses a trigger finger, and the day may yet come when the balance of power in Europe will be suddenly overturned by the French African legions.

The erudite reader will remember that once, and once only, Africa has of her own strength invaded Europe, and that the flood was only arrested sixty miles from Paris. But Abderahman, who lost the battle of Tours, was as white as Charles Martel who won it; and the Moors who followed Abderahman were physically far more akin to the legionaries of Rome than the Gauls and Germans who had inherited from Rome the defense of the West. The Moorish invasion was the inroad, not of a different race, but of a different reli-

gion; and the campaign of 732 was in reality the first of those great religious wars in which the two contending parties mercilessly destroyed the bodies and the property of men, in the hope of saving their souls. As Gibbon says, but for the battle of Tours 'perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcized people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet.' Indeed, there seems to have been no particular reason why the goad which in one hundred and fifteen years had pricked the hosts of Islam on from Arabia to the Loire should ever have lost its efficacy. The still more extraordinary phenomenon is that, having once been checked, this people which had accomplished so marvelous a military feat never returned to the assault, but comparatively soon decayed into just one more African tribe that fell an easy prey to the nations it had once subdued.

The explanation of this phenomenon was the first thing I sought in Spanish Morocco. For not merely have the Moors ceased to be a formidable military power, but even the Berbers, once the terror of the Mediterranean, have completely abandoned the life of the sea. The pirates of the Rift are there, but they are pirates no longer — they are not even sailors. The three divisions of the Moorish hosts — Arabs,

Berbers, and Vandals — seem to have lost alike their efficiency and their ambition. The population is there, but it seems to stroll negligently through life instead of trying to make something of it; and in so far as the Spanish zone is typical of the rest of Morocco, I should judge that there remains to this people of their former greatness nothing except their physique, their dignity, and their color.

The main reason for this decline is that same religion which was responsible for their rise. Success in the field makes a military sect, but failure breaks it. When a nation which believes itself called to conquer and evangelize the world finds the world successfully recalcitrant, that nation comes to believe in its religion in spite of facts and not because of them. The drive is gone, the petrol tank is empty, and after a certain period of disuse the machine first rusts and then disintegrates. Thus the Moors, under the drive of success, were a disciplined, cohesive, fanatical, and efficient nation. Once they ceased to move forward and settled down to consolidate what they had won, they were undone by 'the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches.' They began to think of what their religion meant, instead of what it impelled them to do. It became almost possible to live in the same world as Christians without fighting them. The result was that the once united Moorish Spain split up into a variety of Emirates and Caliphates, such as Cordoba, Granada, and Sevilla, which were taken in detail by the Spaniards and destroyed.

Secondly, the homeland of the race itself suffered a similar process of disintegration; and, finally, the whole of Morocco became a mere agglomeration of clans, wasting their strength in fighting and robbing each other, and united neither in a common hatred nor by a common love. The Sultan of

Morocco lost the reality, while he retained the pretense, of universal authority, and his officers, the governors of the walled towns, could hardly move outside the precincts of their own palaces. The urban tribes did indeed keep up some show of civilization and maintain some degree of commerce with the outside world; but the rural tribes reverted entirely to a life of nature, and, though numerically very powerful, in fact they are capable of practically no resistance against modern weapons, and possess no indigenous culture of any kind. For example, the population is of such density that in some places it reaches a figure of 200 to the square mile; but yet it is almost completely invisible, tucked away in the crevices of the hills, in miserable thatched huts surrounded by inexpressibly ugly hedges of giant cactus. I believe that all the Moorish culture was, in its origin, Christian. Its finest achievements in buildings and mosaic are frankly figurative; and therefore it is little marvel that, left to themselves, they produce nothing artistic.

Islam has largely lost its fighting force, but it has thereby intensified the evil effects of the later doctrines of Mahomet as to slavery and the family. If Mahomet had died ten years earlier, it is probable that sheer sensuality would have been as vigorously excluded from the Moslem's life as wine in fact is. But, as matters stand, so long as a Moor is poor, he is hard-working and ascetic; as soon, however, as he becomes rich, he thinks of little but following the precept of the Prophet as to slaves and their uses. Thus the Moors have no leaders to fan into flame the spark of their hatred against the Christians; and, excellent fighting material as they still are, any European power will have no difficulty, for many years to come, in using them against each other.

In the military sense, the situation is almost exactly that which exists on the northwest frontier of India; in short, while it will never be quiet, it will never be formidable. The country of the Spanish zone, moreover, is geographically not unlike the Himalayan foothills. It is difficult and mountainous, consisting of ridge after ridge of hills, of a height of 4000 to 5000 feet, alternating with rather narrow but well-watered valleys. The climate is quite cold; in fact, the well-to-do Spaniard spends the summer in Tetuan and goes to Biarritz, 1500 miles to the north, for the winter, because it is so much warmer. Spanish Morocco is essentially a country in which Europeans can live without the smallest physical discomfort; which is some small compensation for the fact that the French have, broadly speaking, taken all the plains and left the Spaniards all the mountains.

Such is the country and such the people with which the Spaniards have to deal in the strip of Africa running from Larache on the Atlantic to Melilla on the Mediterranean, and from Ceuta in the north to Wazan in the south. The question naturally arises, 'What are they doing there at all?' and is not answered merely by saying that Spain wanted to bear a hand with the other European nations in land-grabbing Africa. Nor is it merely a case of the *reconquistadores* following up their ancient enemy to his base. I can best explain the situation by saying that Spain is in Morocco for the same reasons that we are in Ireland, and for the same reasons that we are anxious to keep our connection with Australia and Canada more than a mere question of sentiment. Like all long-sustained and vehemently supported arguments, the conception of Ireland as a strategic unit with Great Britain has something in it; and Spain, too, may reasonably feel that the presence of a large block of

territory so near her coasts demands more than a merely nominal interest on her part in that territory. Moreover, she wants lands for colonization. The apparent emptiness of Spain proper is strictly relative to her soil; nor can the ordinary Spanish family continue indefinitely to number nine or ten without serious overcrowding. As a matter of fact, before the Spanish zone was opened up, such large numbers of Spaniards went as colonists to the western part of French Morocco, that the French officials there find it imperative to speak Spanish. Spain may have started late, and she may have many difficulties to overcome, but if any European power has a right to be in Mauretania that power is Spain; and for my part I would not willingly see any other there.

Comparisons are often made between the work of France and Spain in this region, much to the detriment of the latter; indeed, by the advocates of, for example, the French occupation of Tangier, we are asked to take the inefficiency and the somnolence of the Spaniards for granted. They are represented as waking up only sufficiently to take bribes or to inflict gross acts of barbarism. Such comparisons are grossly unfair. Without any reflection upon the quite exceptional qualities of Marshal Lyautey, it is the truth that he had a flying start; that the French have taken their task in Morocco seriously ever since 1871; that he had a staff of administrators highly trained in dealings with the natives; that he had the easier country in which to operate; and that he has been backed by the practically universal approval of his countrymen.

Spain, on the other hand, though she has possessed jumping-off points in Ceuta and Melilla for some hundreds of years, has never until recently been able, or inclined, ruthlessly to interfere

with the native administration. The Spaniards have never forgotten the lamentable failure of Charles V before Algiers, when he lost an army and a fleet, in 1541. Perhaps even more moving than the remembrance of disaster in Africa have been the preoccupation of the Carlist wars and the resulting general impoverishment from which Spain is only just recovering. Throughout the great war, Spain could make no move. The Moors, when attacked, merely retired into French territory and made trouble there. The French naturally objected to any increase of her responsibilities, and in deference to their wishes Spain held her hand.

Therefore, the work of Spain has been in progress for only two years. It has been performed in three disconnected areas — Larache, Tetuan, and Melilla — and in a most difficult country. It has been retarded by grave difficulties of supply. For example, it has not been possible as yet to obtain any public money whatever for development. It has been done in despite of great Parliamentary opposition whenever casualties are incurred; and when a cook is not allowed to break eggs, there is grave danger that the omelette will not be made. An entirely new Colonial Service has had to be created, and no appeal has been possible to recruits, except that compensation which adventure sometimes gives for the absence of civilized luxuries. The personnel of this service has no tradition behind it, inasmuch as for a hundred years Spain has had no need of colonial administrators. It has to learn that most difficult language, Arabic, and to contend with a people that have never owned any overlordship, neither Roman, nor Vandal, nor Arab — namely, the hill tribes. In spite of all these difficulties, Spain has made excellent progress, and it does not lie in the mouths of those who have had centuries of experience like ourselves, or

are backed by the conscious effort of a powerful military nation like the French, to disparage it.

In the west, moving out from the three bases of Ceuta, Tetuan, and Larache, the Spaniards have in these two years reduced a circular strip of country round the coast of the Tangier promontory. These operations have enclosed the famous chief Raisuni in an area about 60 kilometres square, from which the only exit is a 20-kilometre corridor between Xauen and Wazan (in French territory). To the east there is a gap of 100 miles (the Rift country) between where the Tetuan zone ends and the Melilla zone begins, communication between the two being entirely by sea. The population of Tetuan is mainly Arab, and of a dark aquiline type; but as one penetrates south and east the Berber predominates. Thus, the people of Xauen are noticeably whiter, while on the eastern border of the Rift golden and red hair are common, and, given some slight change of clothing, the ladies would not be out of place in Bond Street.

The Arab women are closely veiled until they become too old to be a temptation; but the Berbers, in addition to wearing no veil, actually have the Christian cross tattooed on their foreheads and chins. The reason for this practice is not known by the people themselves, but is obviously a survival from the pre-Vandal days, when all the Berber tribes professed a militant Christianity.

In the east the Spaniards have advanced in fan-shaped formation out of Melilla, right up to the French boundary on the east and south, and to a distance of 150 kilometres to the west. Since the war these operations have not cost above one hundred casualties, though in 1913 the Spaniards were led into an ambush just outside Melilla which cost them a thousand men.

The whole zone is under the command of General Berenguer, the High Commissioner, whose headquarters are at Tetuan; but the Melilla zone is in charge of General Silvestra. The force at their disposition, Spanish and native, amounts to about 65,000 men. I cannot speak too highly of the courtesy and energy of these two commanders. They are gradually, subject to the limitations of men and money before mentioned, working toward each other; and in a matter of months the traveler will be able to journey in a motor-car from Larache to Cairo.

The mere occupation of the country, is, however, a trivial part of the gigantic task of pacification. The two hallmarks of Europe are railways and roads, and the construction of both is being rapidly pushed forward. A motor-bus runs daily from Tetuan to Tangier, through Fondah, and many kilometres of railway track have been laid. Eighteen months ago, to show one's nose outside Tetuan was to have it flattened by a bullet. Ceuta and Tetuan are connected both by road and by rail. Thirty-five kilometres of road have been built from Tetuan to Soco Arba, on the way to Xauen, and five or six kilometres of road from Xauen back toward Soco Arba are already completed. Lastly, a good road runs from Tetuan to the port of Rio Martin. All these roads have to traverse passes many thousands of feet high, and each demands a high degree of engineering skill.

In the Melilla zone progress has been even more rapid, because the first hundred kilometres to the southwest is flat plain. But here excellent motor roads run east to French territory, and west for 80 kilometres to Dar Driuch; while some 50 kilometres of railway is in working order from Melilla through Hador and Zeluan to Estacion. All these are military works, and their

transport capacity is supplemented by pack-mules in the west and caravans of leering camels in the east, which ply between road or rail-head and the front-line blockhouses.

The civil side of the administration is not neglected, and peaceful penetration proceeds by the two great services of medicine and the police. The Spanish doctors are in great demand even among the enemy, and it is no uncommon thing for the regimental M.O., having bound up his own wounded, to be invited over to do the same for the enemy. The doctors in the Melilla advanced zone were also acting as schoolmasters; and, judging by the number of Spanish-speaking natives, the education was good. In Tetuan there were schools for white and native children in the same building. In both zones instruction was given in improved methods of agriculture, and special measures were taken to encourage the native farmer. Seed, corn, and barley are issued free in exchange for a percentage lien on the future harvest. Irrigation pumps are in process of erection.

The cultivation of the country is extremely primitive. The Moor's only idea appears to be the scratching of the surface with a bit of old iron fixed in a pole, the scattering of a few cereal seeds, and, lest the harvest should come to anything, the feeding of large flocks of goats and herds of cattle on the growing crops. In spite of this, it is certain that there are very great possibilities of agricultural development. Though there is at present no export of grain, the country, almost virgin as it is, supports an immense population, and there appears no reason why the zone as a whole should not resume its ancient rôle as part of the granary of Europe.

With regard to mineral wealth, the country has not been properly prospected, but one immense deposit of iron

is now in full process of exploitation. At San Juan de las Minas, six miles from the sea, south of Melilla, is a vast amphitheatre of six hills, each 4000 feet high and a mile thick, every one of which is solid hematite ore, containing 70 per cent of pure iron. Three tiers are being worked, and the output last year was 300,000 tons. Unlimited labor can be hired at 1s. 9d. a day, and the freight charges to Middlesbrough are 40 to 45 shillings per ton. The English miners had, even at a distance of 2000 miles, succeeded in temporarily closing down the mine!

The main work of the Protectorate falls, as ever, upon the subordinate officers and officials; in this case, upon the officers of the native cavalry and the *Policia*. The legal status of the Spaniards is that of soldiers of the *Basha* of Tetuan, and under his seal they have raised a force of about 20,000 native levies, organized into regular *mehallas*, or companies, and into squadrons of police. The former work in regular operations with the Spanish infantry; the latter perform the work of preparation and pacification, and are comparable to the Guides of the Northwest frontier. Nothing is more admirable or unselfish than the work of the Spanish officers of police, stationed month after month in some lonely outpost, engaged in dealing with the needs of the people of the occupied territory and in delicate negotiations with the outlying tribes. All wear the Moorish *jelaba*, or long frieze overcoat, and the *fez*; all keep strict Moslem discipline. For example, if a Moorish soldier is observed eating or drinking in the daytime during Ramadan, he is promptly punished. If Spanish Morocco ever becomes, as well it may, the peaceful and prosperous home of a large Spanish population, Spain will owe a very deep debt to these unknown and self-sacrificing officers of police.

A good deal of ignorant cynicism has been expended upon the term 'pacification.' As a matter of fact, it forms a very good description of the actual work of both France and Spain in Morocco, and is itself a justification of that work. Before the arrival of the Spaniards, every tribe was fair game for its neighbors. Beni-Hassan robbed Beni-Lait, and were in turn robbed by Beni-Avos. When a leader did arise who united several tribes under his standard, his rule was not an unmixed delight to his subjects. Raisuni, in the days of his power, used to ride about with a troop of a few thousand chosen horsemen, and went out of his way to ride through the growing crops, just to show that he was the master. The Beni-Hassan, the most powerful tribe near Tetuan, revolted against him and joined Spain, because he put a tax of fifteen dollars per annum on each of their miserable dwelling-huts. The effect of the Spanish pacification has been to stop these inter-tribal wars and exactions.

I know nothing is supposed to count in these days except national unity, but there are compensations. There are stories that the Moors never mention the Spaniards without adding the parenthesis, 'whom Allah curse.' Military discipline is undoubtedly severe. Villages are told they must provide for their own defense, and will themselves be fined if the enemy raid them. But, on the whole, Spaniards and Moors seemed particularly friendly the one toward the other. The Spaniards treat the Moors, not as racial inferiors but as legitimate friends, remembering perhaps that Spain was once a province of Morocco; and their mutual relations compare very favorably with the relations of Anglo-Indians to their Aryan brothers.

Let me conclude with a few unforgettable incidents. The scene of the

first is the Sok, or Moorish quarter, of Tetuan, with its huddled houses, tortuous gutter-streets, and queer little box-like shops. Turning a sharp corner, under an arch that seemed to push vainly at the leaning houses, I came upon a dull red minaret sharply outlined against the dusky-blue night sky, and from the base of the tower there broke forth suddenly the shrilly sweet notes of the muezzin's pipe, calling and calling, swelling up and down, soaring and sinking, ringing out over the listening city. Suddenly it ceased, and a high tenor voice took up the music, ending with a sudden decisive swoop in the Call to Prayer.

The second is rounding the corner of a rock and coming suddenly upon the holy city of Xauen, visited by only one Englishman before me, and built by Moorish exiles from Spain in the year 1300. Tucked away in a crevice between two towering slabs of rock, its roofs all covered with a golden moss glowing in the sun, circled by a red machicolated wall, and framed by a leaping cataract of water, it was a sight to take the breath away. Farther on up

the hill was the Spanish outpost-line to which I rode, and, dismounting stiffly, was greeted by the officer in charge, who, turning to my guide, said, 'Will you tell the English señor my mother was a Macmahon?' If there is a place in the world Scotsmen cannot reach, they send their children there!

And there was the dinner, with the Governor of Xauen, where we ate stewed mutton and roast chicken with our fingers (as Queen Victoria loved to do), and where our host pointed with pride to eighteen cheap Swiss clocks and seven Birmingham looking-glasses, to show how rich he was; where we drank tea, with polite gasps of appreciation, out of a Manchester coffee service, handed by a black slave; and where four gentlemen, apparently straight from 'Chu Chin Chow,' sang a long, wailing, simple song, with manifest enjoyment of their own performance.

Lastly, the rock of Gibraltar stark against the evening sky, the first stepping-stone of the British Empire on the road to the East, and the dull boom of a British gun last heard at Le Cateau.

A PLEA IN EXTENUATION

BY A WITNESS

[We print the following article, because Americans have heard practically nothing of the Turkish side of the Armenian massacres. The author was a high German officer serving in East Anatolia when these atrocities occurred. His account appeared in a Berlin conservative paper, at the time a German court exonerated the Armenian who assassinated Talaat Pasha.]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, June 28

(HUGO STINNES'S PRESS)

FOR three years and a half, I was in active service with the Turks on the Caucasus front. I wish to explain the situation there as it actually was at that time. Europeans who have not lived in that country are quite unable to understand the conditions which prevail there.

In the first place, it is misleading to talk only of Turks and Armenians. A veritable hodge-podge of races dwells in this region. Turks, Kurds, and Armenians are the most numerous, but there are also many Greeks, and members of various Caucasian tribes. The Armenians are scattered all over Anatolia as far as Constantinople and Smyrna. There are also great numbers of them in the Persian and Russian border districts.

The different races living together in Eastern Asia invariably hate each other. This hatred is particularly keen between the Armenians and the Turks and the Armenians and the Kurds. One of our principal errors is leaving the Kurds out of account in discussing the Armenian question. The Kurds live by raising cattle and by robbery. The Armenians are shrewd merchants. Consequently, the two people are as different in character as it is possible to imagine, and they have been enemies for ages. On the surface, the Kurd seems a brave but barbarous warrior and the

Armenian a righteous man who does no wrong. However, when the Armenians think they are in a majority, they drop their righteousness and become as cruel as their neighbors.

In direct contrast with this, the relations between the Armenians and the Turks were remarkably good until a generation ago. The Armenians are not only shrewd tradesmen, but also skillful artisans and excellent farmers. Armenian mechanics and peasants usually make an excellent impression upon European travelers, but Armenian traders and merchants are not popular with Westerners. This explains why we get such contradictory opinions of these people. These judgments are determined largely by the class of Armenians with which the particular European in question has been associated. In former times, the Armenians were peaceful and popular subjects of the Turks. It is a very common belief, but an utterly false one, that the enmity between these two peoples is due to religious differences. The Turks are the most tolerant people in the world toward men of another faith, so long as their own religion is not interfered with. The enmity which has grown up between the two races is due entirely to politics. It has been sedulously cultivated by the English and the Russians, who used it to promote their own interests in Turkey.

Under the Treaty of St. Stefano, in 1878, the Turks were obligated to introduce certain reforms in the territories occupied by the Armenians. Naturally, bad blood was engendered in carrying out these reforms, and the Armenians were misled into hostility toward the Turks. Their discontent was systematically encouraged by both the Russians and the English. No Turk will dispute Abdul Hamid's misgovernment; but foreign trouble-makers prevented even the well-intended measures of later Turkish rulers from accomplishing any good. When the Turks appointed Armenians to govern their own people, the claim was made that they purposely selected the worst kind of men for such offices; but the fact that the Armenians were free to elect their own representatives to the Turkish Parliament was passed over in utter silence.

The hatred that had been engendered under Abdul Hamid was the direct cause of the Armenian massacres in the nineties. When we discuss these massacres, we are apt to forget that the Armenians under the Russian flag suffered just as badly. It was not until after the Russian Revolution of 1905 that conditions were improved. Governor Prince Voronzoff-Daschkoff offered the Armenian leaders to restore their confiscated estates, to cease persecuting their people, and to deal frankly and fairly with them, if they would let bygones be bygones and stop their agitation. The Armenians agreed to this, and, after that date, were friendly to Russia.

When the war broke out, consequently, profound mutual distrust reigned between the Turks and the Armenians. As soon as mobilization began, it was discovered that the Armenians had Russian rifles. At the same time, a copy of an agreement between certain Turkish Armenians and the Russian

General Staff fell into the hands of a high Turk commander. Under this agreement, the Armenians engaged to cut telegraph lines in Turkey, and to start revolts behind the Turkish lines as soon as the Russians advanced. They fulfilled this engagement to the letter.

After hostilities began, a period of quiet ensued, because the Russian operations were not successful. The first attempt to capture Erzerum failed, and, instead, the Turks invaded Russian territory. However, about New Year, 1915, the Turkish offensive was repulsed with great losses, and by the following spring, their situation was most precarious. The Russians resumed the offensive with superior forces, and the Turks had the utmost difficulty in holding their lines. They could not hope for reinforcements on the Caucasus front, because of the heavy fighting on the Dardanelles.

Just at this critical moment, in April, 1915, the Armenians revolted. Their insurrection was not suppressed until the following August. In other words, they carried out their part of their agreement with Russia. They were repeatedly detected cutting telegraph lines, and admitted that they did this on Russian orders. Whenever the Russians attacked the Turkish lines, uprisings occurred in the Armenian villages immediately to the rear. A big insurrection even occurred far in the interior. Very few Turkish troops were left to garrison the back country. An Armenian conspiracy was discovered in Constantinople itself.

The Turks had given the Armenians no direct cause for revolting. It should be emphasized that the Armenians themselves invited the reprisals that followed. The situation of the Turkish army was extremely critical. It was not a time for nice measures. Moreover, the conduct of the Armenians

was not that of valiant fighters for freedom, but rather of sly and treacherous intriguers.

Thereupon, the Turkish government resolved to take vigorous measures, to remove once for all this danger behind its back. It evacuated the whole Armenian population from that district. Naturally, this was a cruel thing for the Armenians, but it was precisely the sort of thing that Europeans were doing under similar conditions.

Another ray of light upon the situation!

We hear a great deal of massacred Armenians. We hear nothing of the great number of Turks who were slaughtered by the Armenians during their disastrous retreat, after the Russians captured Erzerum in February, 1916. We hear nothing of the cruelties that the Armenians habitually perpetrated on the Turks. For instance, we were constantly receiving reports that

the Turkish inhabitants of a village had all been blinded. Now, one actual instance of how the Russians acted. When captured Turkish soldiers and other Turkish prisoners were sent to Russia, in the winter of 1914 and 1915, they were herded in locked freight-cars. The railway authorities forgot what the contents of these cars were. The cars were shunted about for two or three weeks, and, when they were finally opened, were found to be full of corpses. It was hardly natural to expect the Turks to act the part of loving-kindness toward such enemies as these.

In judging the Turks, therefore, we must judge them in the light of the conditions which existed. It was a case where long-nursed race-hatred burst into action in forms happily less common in Europe than in Asia.

We cannot apply European standards to that country, or impose our ways upon its people.

EAST AND WEST IN INDIA

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[This article was originally written in 1909 and 1910, but has only recently been translated and printed in English.]

From *The Modern Review*, June 1921

(CALCUTTA LITERARY AND CURRENT-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

THE History of India — of whom is it the history?

This history began with the day when the white-skinned Aryans, overcoming all obstacles, natural as well as human, made their entry into India. Sweeping aside the vast enveloping curtain of forest, which stretched across her from East to West, they brought on the scene

sunny fields adorned with corn and fruit, and their toil and skill thus laid the foundation. And yet they could not say that this India was exclusively their India.

The non-Aryans became fused with the Aryans. Even in the first blush of the latter's victorious supremacy, they used to take to themselves non-Aryan

girls in marriage. And in the Buddhist age such intermingling became freer. When, thereafter, the Brahminic Samaj set to work to repair its barriers and make its encircling walls impregnable, it found some parts of the country come to such a pass that Brahmins of sufficiently pure stock could not be found to conduct the vedic ceremonies, and these either had to be imported, or new creations made by investiture with the sacred thread. The white skin, on the color of which the difference between Brahmin and Sudra had originally been founded, had meanwhile, tarnished into brown. The Sudras, with their different manners and ideals, gods and rituals, had been taken into the social polity. And a larger Indian, or Hindu, Samaj had been evolved, which not only was not one with the Aryan Samaj of the vedic times, but was in many respects even antagonistic.

But was India able to draw the line of her history there? Did Providence allow her to make the assertion that the history of India was the history of the Hindus? No. For while in Hindu India the Rajputs were busy fighting each other in the vanity of a suicidal competition of bravery, the Mussulmans swept in through the breaches created by their dissensions, and, scattering themselves all over the country, they also made it their own by living and dying on its soil.

If now we try to draw the line here crying: 'Stop! Enough! Let us make the history of India a history of Hindu and Moslem!' will the Great Architect, who is broadening out the history of humanity in ever-increasing circles, modify his plans simply to gratify our pride?

Whether India is to be yours or mine, whether it is to belong more to the Hindu, or to the Moslem, or whether some other race is to assert a greater supremacy than either—that is not the problem with which Providence is

exercised. It is not as if, at the bar of the judgment seat of the Almighty, different advocates were engaged in pleading the rival causes of Hindu, Moslem, and Westerner, and as if the party which wins the decree shall finally plant the standard of permanent possession. It is our vanity which makes us think that it is a battle between contending rights: the only battle is the eternal one, between Truth and untruth.

The Ultimate, the Perfect, is concerned with the All, and is evolving itself through every kind of obstacle and opposing force. Only to the extent that our efforts assist in the progress of this evolution, can they be successful. Attempts to push on one's self alone, whether made by individuals or nations, have no importance in the processes of Providence. That Alexander did not succeed in bringing the whole earth under the flag of Greece was merely a case of unsatisfied ambition, which has long ceased to be of concern to the world. The preparation of Rome for a world-empire was shattered to pieces by the Barbarians; but this fall of Rome's pride is not bewailed by the world today. Greece and Rome shipped their golden harvests on the bark of time—their failure to get a passage on it for themselves as well proved no loss, but rather lightened its burden.

So, in the evolving history of India, the principle at work is not the ultimate glorification of the Hindu, or any other race. In India, the history of humanity is seeking to elaborate a specific ideal, to give to general perfection a special form which shall be for the gain of all humanity; nothing less than this is its end and aim. And in the creation of this ideal type, if Hindu, Moslem, and Christian should have to submerge the aggressive part of their individuality, that may hurt their sectarian pride, but will not be accounted a loss by the standard of Truth and Right.

We are all here as factors in the making of the history of Greater India. If any one factor should become rebellious and arrogate to itself an undue predominance, that will only interfere with the general progress. The section which is unable or unwilling to adapt itself to the entire scheme, but struggles to keep up a separate existence, will have to drop out and be lost, sooner or later. And the component which, realizing its dedication to the ultimate ideal, acknowledges its own individual unimportance, will lose only its pettiness and find permanence for its greatness in that of the whole.

So, for ourselves, we must bear in mind that India is not engaged in recording solely our story; but that it is we who are called upon to take our place in the great drama, which has India for its stage. If we do not fit ourselves to play our part, it is we who will have to go. If we stand aloof from the rest, in the pride of past achievement, content with heaping up obstacles around ourselves, God will punish us, either by afflicting us with sorrow unceasing till He has brought us to a level with the rest, or by casting us aside as mere impediments. If we insist on segregating ourselves in our pride of exclusiveness, fondly clinging to the belief that Providence is specially concerned in our own particular development; if we persist in regarding our *dharma* as ours alone, our institutions as specially fit only for ourselves, our places of worship as requiring to be carefully guarded against all incomers, our wisdom as dependent for its safety on being locked up in our strong rooms — then we shall simply await, in the prison of our own contriving, for the execution of the death sentence which in that case the world of humanity will surely pronounce against us.

Of late the British have come in and occupied an important place in India's

history. This was not an uncalled-for, accidental intrusion. If India had been deprived of touch with the West, she would have lacked an element essential for her attainment of perfection. Europe now has her lamp ablaze. We must light our torches at its wick and make a fresh start on the highway of time. That our forefathers, three thousand years ago, had finished extracting all that was of value from the universe, is not a worthy thought. We are not so unfortunate, nor the universe so poor. Were it true that all that was to be done has been done in the past, once for all; then our continued existence could only be a burden to the earth, and so would not be possible. With what present duty, in what future hope, can they live who imagine that they have attained completeness in their great-grandfathers, and whose sole idea is to shield themselves against the influx of the Modern behind the barriers of antiquated belief and custom?

The Englishman has come through the breach in our crumbling walls, as the messenger of the Lord of the world-festival, to tell us that the world has need of us; not where we are petty, but where we can help, with the force of our Life, to rouse the World in wisdom, love, and work, in the expansion of insight, knowledge, and mutuality. Unless we can justify the mission on which the Englishman has been sent, until we can set out with him to honor the invitation of which he is the bearer, he cannot but remain with us as our tormentor, the disturber of our quietism. So long as we fail to make good the arrival of the Englishman, it will not be within our power to get rid of him.

The India to which the Englishman has come with his message is the India which is shooting up toward the future from within the bursting seed of the past. This new India belongs to humanity. What right have we to say who

shall, and who shall not, find a place therein. Who is this 'We'? Bengali, Marathi or Punjabi, Hindu or Mussulman? Only the larger 'We,' in whom all these — Hindu, Moslem, and Englishman, and whosoever else there be — may eventually unite, shall have the right to dictate who is to remain and who is to leave.

On us to-day is thrown the responsibility of building up this greater India, and for that purpose our immediate duty is to justify our meeting with the Englishman. It shall not be permitted to us to say that we would rather remain aloof, inactive, unresponsive, unwilling to give and to take, and thus to make poorer the India that is to be.

So the greatest men of modern India have all made it their life's work to bring about an approachment with the West. The chief example is Rammohan Roy. He stood alone in his day for the union of India with the world on the broad base of humanity. No blind belief, no ancestral habit was allowed to obscure his vision. With a wonderful breadth of heart and intellect, he accepted the West without betraying the East. He, alone, laid the foundation of new Bengal.

Rammohan Roy cheerfully put up with persecution in order to extend the field of our knowledge and work, right across from East to West, to gain for us the eternal rights of man in the pursuit of Truth, to enable us to realize that we, also, had inherited the earth. It was he who first felt and declared that for us Buddha, Christ, and Mohammed spent their lives; that for each one of us has been stored up the fruits of the discipline of our Rishis; that, in whatsoever part of the world, whosoever has removed obstacles in the path of wisdom or, breaking the bondage of dead matter, has given freedom to man's true *shakti*, he is our very own, and through him is each one of us glorified.

Rammohan Roy did not assist India to repair her barriers, or to keep cowering behind them — he led her out into the freedom of Space and Time, and built for her a bridge between the East and West. That is why his spirit still lives with us; his power of stimulating India's creative energies is not yet exhausted. No blind habit of mind, no pettiness of racial pride, was able to make him commit the folly of rebellion against the manifest purpose of Time. That grand purpose, which could not have found its fulfillment in the past, but is ever marching onward to the future, found in him a gallant, unflinching standard-bearer.

In the Deccan, Ranade spent his life in the making of this same bridge between East and West. In his very nature there was that creative faculty of synthesis which brings men together, builds up the Samaj, does away with discord and inequity, and circumvents all obstacles in the way of knowledge, love, and will-power. And so he rose superior to all the petty or unworthy considerations prevalent in his time, in spite of all the various conflicts of ideas and interests between the Indian and the Englishman. His largeness of heart and breadth of mind impelled him to make a lifelong endeavor to clear the way for an acceptance of whatever elements in the British are of value for the true history of India, and to strive for the removal of whatever obstructions stand in the way of India's attainment of perfection.

And the *mahatma* who passed away from us only the other day, — Swami Vivekananda, — he too took his stand in the middle, with the East on his right, the West on his left. His message was not to keep India bound in her latter-day narrowness by ignoring in her history the advent of the West. His genius was for assimilation, for harmony, for creation. He dedicated his

life to opening up the royal road by which the thought-treasure of the East may pass to the West, and of the West to the East.

Then there was the day when Bankimchandra invited both East and West to a veritable festival of union in the pages of his *Bangadarshan*. From that day the literature of Bengal felt the call of time, responded to it, and having thus justified itself, took its place on the road to immortality. Bengali literature has made such wonderful progress because it cut through all the artificial bonds which would have hampered its communion with the world literature, and regulated its growth in such wise as to be enabled to make its own, naturally and with ease, the science and ideals of the West. Bankim is great, not merely by what he wrote, but because his genius helped to pave the way for such growth.

Thus, from whatever view point we take a survey, we see that the epoch-makers of modern India, in whom the greatness of man becomes manifest, are gifted, as the very essence of their nature, with that breadth of understanding in which the differences of East and West do not hurt, or conflict with, one another, but where both find their ultimate harmony.

Many of us, who belong to the educated class, think that these attempts at union of the different races belonging to India are for the purpose of gaining political strength. Thus, as in so many other cases, do we view the Great as subservient to the Small. That we in India should attain Unity, is a much greater thing than any particular purpose which our union may serve — for it is a function of our humanity itself. That we are not succeeding in becoming united is due to some basic defect in our manhood, which also is the reason why on every side we perceive our lack of *shakti*. It is our own sin that destroys

our *dharma*, which again makes for the destruction of everything else.

Our attempts at union can become successful only when they are made from the standpoint of Righteousness, which cannot be brought within the confines of any petty pride or narrow expediency. And if Righteousness be our guiding principle, these efforts will not remain restricted to the different classes of Indians alone, but the Englishman also needs must join hands in the good work.

What then are we to make of the antagonism which has arisen of late between the Englishman and the Indian, educated as well as uneducated? Is there nothing true in this? Is it only the machination of a few conspirators? Is this antagonism essentially different in purpose from the constant action and reaction of making and breaking which are at work in the making of Indian history? It is very necessary for us to come to a true understanding of its meaning.

In our religious literature, opposition is reckoned as one of the means of union. Ravana, for instance, is said to have gained his salvation because of the valiant fight that he fought. The meaning is simply this — that to have to own defeat after a manful contest with the truth is to gain it all the more completely. To accept with a too ready acquiescence is not a full acceptance at all. This is why all science is based on a severe skepticism.

We began with a blind, foolish, insensate begging at the door of Europe, with our critical sense entirely benumbed. That was not the way to make any real gain. Whether it be wisdom, or political rights, they have to be earned, that is to say, to be attained, by one's own *shakti*, after a successful struggle against obstructing forces. If they be put into our hands by others, by way of alms, they do not become ours at all. To take in a form which is de-

rogatory can only lead to loss. Hence our reaction against the culture of Europe and its ideals. A feeling of wounded self-respect is prompting us to return upon ourselves.

This revulsion was necessary for the purposes of the history which, as I say, Time is evolving in this land of India. Of what we were receiving weakly, unquestioningly, in sheer poverty of spirit, it was not possible for us to appraise the value; therefore we were unable to appropriate it at its worth, and so to put it to use. It remained with us merely as an ornamental appendage. And when we realized this, our desire to get away from it was only natural.

Rammohan Roy was able to assimilate the ideals of Europe so completely because he was not overwhelmed by them: there was no poverty or weakness on his side. He had ground of his own on which he could take his stand, and where he could secure his acquisitions. The true wealth of India was not hidden from him, and this he had already made his own. Consequently, he had with him the touchstone by which he could test the wealth of others. He did not sell himself by holding out a beggar's palms, but assessed the true value of whatever he took.

This *shakti*, which was natural to our first great leader, is steadily developing itself among us through constantly conflicting stresses and strains, actions and reactions. Pendulum-wise do our movements touch now this extreme, now the other. An undue eagerness of acceptance and an undue timidity of rejection assail us by turns. Nevertheless are we being carried forward to our goal.

Our soul, which was overburdened with uncritically accumulated foreign ideas, has now swung to the opposite extreme of wholesale rejection. But the cause of the present tension of feelings is not this alone.

The West has come as India's guest;

we cannot send away the visitor while the object of his visit remains unfulfilled; he must be properly accommodated. But, whatever be the reason, — whether it be some defect in our power of appreciation, or the miserliness of the West in revealing itself in its truth, — if the flow of this great purpose of Time should receive a check, there is bound to be a disastrous irruption.

If we do not come into touch with what is true, what is best in the Englishman; if we find in him merely a merchant, or a military man, or a bureaucrat; if we will not come down to the plane on which man may commune with man and take him into confidence; if, in fine, the Indian and the Englishman needs must remain apart, then will they be to each other a perennial source of unhappiness. In such case the party which is in power will try to make powerless the dissatisfaction of the weaker by repressive legislation, but will not be able to allay it. Nor will the former find any satisfaction in the situation; and feeling the Indian to be only a source of trouble, the Englishman will more and more try to ignore his very existence.

There was a time when high-souled Englishmen like David Hare came very near to us and held up before our hearts the greatness of the English character. The students of that day truly and freely surrendered their hearts to the British connection. The English professor of to-day not only does not succeed in exhibiting the best that is in his race to his pupils, but lowers the English ideal in their eyes. As the result, the students cannot enter into the spirit of English literature as they used to do. They gulp it down but do not relish it, and we see no longer the same enthusiastic reveling in the delights of Shakespeare or Byron. The approachment which might have resulted from a genuine appreciation of the same literature has thus received a set-back.

This is not the case in the sphere of education only. In no capacity, be it as magistrate, merchant, or policeman, does the Englishman present to us the highest that his racial culture has attained; and so is India deprived of the greatest gain that might have been hers by reason of his arrival; on the contrary, her self-respect is wounded and her powers deprived on every side of their natural development.

All the trouble that we see nowadays is caused by this failure of East and West to come together. To be bound to be near each other, and yet unable to be friends, is an intolerable situation between man and man, and hurtful withal. Therefore, the desire to put an end to it must become overwhelming sooner or later. Such a rebellion, being a rebellion of the heart, will not take account of material gains or losses; it will even risk death.

And yet it is also true that such rebelliousness can be only a temporary phase. In spite of all retarding factors, our impact with the West must be made good — there can be no escape for India until she has made her own whatever there may be worth the taking from the West. Until the fruit is ripe, it does not get released from the stem, nor can it ripen at all if it insists on untimely release.

Before concluding I must say one word more. It is we who are responsible for the failure of the Englishman to give us of his best. If we remove our own poverty, we can make him overcome his miserliness. We must rouse our powers in every direction before the Englishman will be able to give what he has been sent here to give. If we are content to stand at his door empty-handed we shall only be turned away, again and again.

The best that is in the Englishman is not a thing that may be acquired by us in slothful ease; it must be strenuously won. If the Englishman should be

moved to pity, that would be the worst thing for us. It is our manhood which must awaken his. We should remember that the Englishman himself has had to realize his best through supreme toil and suffering. We must cultivate the like power within ourselves. There is no easier way of gaining the Best.

Those of us who go to the Englishman's durbar with bowed heads and folded hands, seeking emoluments of office or badges of honor — we attract only his pettiness, and help to distort his true manifestation in India. Those, again, who, in a blind fury of passion, would violently assail him, succeed in evoking only the sinful side of the Englishman's nature. If, then, it be true that it is our frailty which excites his insolence, his greed, his cowardice, or his cruelty, why blame him? Rather should we take the blame on ourselves.

In his own country the Englishman's lower nature is kept under control and his higher nature roused to its fullest capacity by the social forces around him. The social conscience there, being awake, compels each individual, with all its force, to take his stand on a high level and maintain his place there with unceasing effort. In this country his society is unable to perform the same function. Anglo-Indian society is not concerned with the whole Englishman. It is either a society of civilians, or of merchants, or of soldiers. Each of these is limited by his own business, and becomes encased in a hard crust of prejudice and superstition. So they develop into thorough-going civilians, or mere merchants, or blatant soldiers. We cannot find the man in them. When the civilian occupies the High-Court bench we are in despair; for whenever there is a conflict between the Right and the civilian's gods, the latter are sure to prevail; but these gods are inimical to India, nor are they worshiped by the Englishman at his best.

On the other hand; the decay and weakness of the Indian Samaj itself is also a bar to the rousing of the true British spirit, wherefore both are losers. It is our own fault, I repeat, that we meet only *Burra Sahebs*, and not great Englishmen. And to this we owe all the sufferings and insults with which we have to put up. We have no remedy but to acknowledge our sin and get rid of it.

Self-realization is not for the weak — nor the highest truth.

Neither tall talk nor violence, but only sacrifice and service are true tests of strength. Until the Indian can give up his fear, his self-interest, his luxury, in his quest for the best and the highest, in his service of the motherland, our demanding from the government will be but empty begging, and will aggravate both our incapacity and our humiliation. When we shall have made our country our own by sacrifice, and established our claim to it by applying our own powers for its reclamation, then we shall not need to stand abjectly at the Englishman's door. And if we are not abject, the Englishman need not lower himself. Then may we become colleagues and enter into mutual arrangements.

Until we can cast off our individual

or *samajic* folly; as long as we remain unable to grant to our own countrymen the full rights of man; as long as our *zamindars* continue to look on their tenantry as part of their property, our men in power glory in keeping their subordinates under their heels, and our higher castes think nothing of looking down on the lowest castes as worse than beasts — so long shall we not have the right or power to demand from the Englishman proper behavior toward ourselves.

At every turn — in her religion, in her Samaj, in her daily practice — does the India of to-day fail to do justice to herself. She does not purify her soul by sacrifice, and so on every side she suffers futility. She cannot meet the outsider on equal terms, and so receives nothing of value from him. — No cleverness or violence can deliver her from the sufferings and insults of which the Englishman is but the instrument. Only when she can meet him as his equal, will all reason for antagonism, and with it all conflict, disappear. Then will East and West unite in India — country with country, race with race, knowledge with knowledge, endeavor with endeavor. Then will the History of India come to an end, merged in the History of the World, which will begin.

THE THOUGHT OF BERTRAND RUSSELL

From *Stead's Review*, June 11
(AUSTRALIAN LIBERAL SEMI-MONTHLY)

BERTRAND RUSSELL's love of freedom — political freedom, industrial freedom, freedom even for children in education — is a characteristic that has developed within his family for generations. His grandfather, Lord John Russell was one of the greatest of Liberal Prime Ministers of the last century. He fought year after year for the emancipation of the Jews, was a staunch free-trader, promoted education, and was a champion of freedom for Canada and Australia. He upheld a standard of honor that would be welcome indeed in the political life of to-day. 'To his principles, as he understood them, he was never false, and it was when they were most unpopular, that he clung most closely to them. Liberals were not charged with timidity when Lord John Russell led them.' Such is the tribute of Herbert Paul, who criticized Russell's policy in some matters severely, yet could proclaim him 'the noblest work of God' — an honest man. He was such a stickler for clean politics, that he excluded from his Cabinet one who had accepted a popular testimonial in money — though that one was none other than Cobden.

The same devotion to convictions, however unpopular, characterized his son, — Bertrand Russell's father, — who wrote strongly for free thought in religion. Now comes the grandson, who has gone so far beyond the popular thought of the time in his philosophy of freedom that one can hardly imagine him holding any political office, not to speak of the Premiership. But he has faced unpopularity, ignominy, a jail

cell, with the same firm loyalty to what he believes to be true.

Before leaving the personal history of the Russells, the reader may wish to know that Lord John became the first Earl. Bertand is brother to the third Earl, who has no son. The Russells have always been comparatively poor. Lord John was partly dependent on his brother, the Duke of Bedford, and was allowed by Queen Victoria to use a royal 'cottage.' Bertrand speaks frankly of having to earn his living by his lectures. It is of interest to Australians to know that two of Bertrand's cousins have been prominent in this country. One was Sir Arthur Stanley, lately Governor of Victoria; the other, Captain G. Pitt-Rivers, who was recently here as private secretary to the Governor-General, Lord Forster, but left some weeks ago for New Guinea.

Of Bertrand Russell's claim to philosophic eminence we unlearned must be content to accept the judgment of other thinkers. He has his critics, of course; but few who will not admit his originality and power. He is 'respected by opponents and followers alike as possessing one of the few genuinely distinguished and brilliant philosophic minds of the day.' This was the statement of Professor Ralph Barton Perry, of Harvard University, in a discussion of Russell's last pre-war book on philosophy. Professor Bradley has said, 'There is no living writer with whom I am acquainted whose work in philosophy seems to me more original and valuable than that of Mr. Russell.' Professor Bosanquet and Professor Royce are among others who

speak in high praise of his thought. While we must refrain from the hopeless attempt to compass his technical philosophical works in the few sentences of this sketch, we may take courage from the fact that his language is simple and lucid, and makes delightful reading to anyone of thoughtful mind. His principal pre-war publications were: *German Social Democracy*, *Essay on the Foundations of Geometry*, *Philosophy of Leibnitz*, *Principles of Mathematics*, *Problems of Philosophy*, and (written in collaboration with Dr. A. N. Whitehead) *Principia Mathematica*.

'My opposition to war is based not upon religious grounds, but upon common sense and common humanity,' Bertrand Russell has stated. Very soon after the outbreak of the European war he published the small book, *Policy of the Entente, 1904-1914*. Hardly anyone in Australia has seen that book. It was perhaps the finest antidote to the hate propaganda that could be presented to any Briton. Its brevity, its calm tone, its freedom from bitterness added power to its statement of the part France, Britain, and Russia had played in the ten years of intrigue and outrage that culminated in the war. Of course, he did not for a moment excuse Germany for her part; but, as he said in the early pages of the book, we can never bring in a better world by emphasizing our own righteousness and crying out against other people's wrong-doing. It was for Germans to denounce the wrongs committed in Germany's name, and for Britons to make their protest against such diplomacy as that which gave Morocco to France by a gross breach of faith, or that which led to the 'crucifixion of Persia,' under the Anglo-Russian agreement. All that Russell wrote in that book has been more than confirmed since the war by such authorities as Lord Loreburn. But if it had been as widely read and proclaimed as

Lloyd George's speeches, or the sermons of hate in the early days of the war, it would have dealt a severe blow to British self-righteousness. Probably some of the finest fighters would have refused to respond to the appeal to their chivalry if they had had before them Russell's calm statement of facts. At any rate, the authorities feared that such would be the effect of his teaching. Therefore Bertrand Russell had to be gagged.

He was just over the military age, and was therefore not in danger under the conscription law. But he had decided that he should do all in his power to support those who refused military service, as he himself would have done if called upon. He wrote a leaflet for the Non-Conscription Fellowship, describing the treatment of one objector, and emphasizing that this youth was taking his stand for conscience' sake. Russell's name did not appear on the leaflet, but, when he learned that those engaged in distributing it were arrested and prosecuted, he wrote to the *Times* declaring his authorship. That was in 1916. Action was promptly taken against him. He was fined £100, and his goods were distrained for payment of the sum.

Russell was then a lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge. He had 'won the confidence and affection of students as few university teachers do,' if we may believe the statement of a pupil, quoted in the *Nation* at the time. He was dismissed from this position on account of the publication of the offending leaflet. He was under engagement to go to America in 1917, to give a course of lectures at Harvard University. He was forbidden to leave England. The American press severely censured the action of the British authorities, the *Literary Digest* describing it as 'shoddy Prussianism.' (The *Digest*, by the way, changed its tone a few months later when

America entered the war.) The *Independent* said: —

One of the most grievous features of the war is to see the liberal nations of Europe gradually succumbing to internal tyranny while fighting against external tyranny.

Bertrand Russell is recognized the world over as one of the most profound and original thinkers of our times. More than one American university has tried to get him.

For the innocent purpose of earning a living, Mr. Russell tells us, he arranged a series of public lectures. He did not intend to deal with the war, but the military authorities intervened, nevertheless. They asked him to give an assurance that he would say nothing that would, in their opinion, militate against the successful prosecution of the war. Russell declined to give such a promise, saying that it was impossible for him to tell in advance what the authorities might consider dangerous.

May I say that I consider homicide usually regrettable? [he asked]. If so, since the majority of homicides occur in war, I have uttered a pacifist sentiment. May I say that I have respect for the ethical teaching of Christ? If I do, the War Office may tell me that I am praising conscientious objectors. May I say that I do not consider Latimer and Ridley guilty of grave moral turpitude because they broke the law? Or would such a statement be prejudicial to the discipline of His Majesty's forces?

Not only was he dismissed from Cambridge, but he was placed under restrictions arranged for those suspected of being enemy spies. The authorities were kind enough to assure him that such suspicion did not rest upon him. But he was not permitted to go to the coastal towns, or to Scotland. He had arranged to deliver a lecture at Glasgow, but was barred from going. He gave the text of his intended address to Robert Smillie of the Miners' Federation. Smillie read it to the audience, and at the end said that this was the lecture Mr. Russell

would have given if he could have been present.

He was not to be silenced. He wrote an article for an anti-conscription paper, the *Tribunal*, warning English people that the employment of American troops in Britain involved serious danger. For this he was punished with six months' imprisonment.

Russell himself protested against the policy of repression.

Our soldiers [he said], who volunteered with generous enthusiasm in the early days of the war, are horrified when they return wounded or on leave, to find what 'patriots' at home have made of the country which was once the land of freedom.

He compared the soldiers with Cromwell's Ironsides, who 'fought for democracy, and established a military tyranny.'

The authorities repeatedly offered to withdraw all orders against him if he would undertake to cease agitating for better treatment for the conscientious objectors. But he felt bound to continue. He regarded the tribunals appointed to grant certain exemptions to the objectors as useless. Total exemption was almost never given. The men on the tribunals could not understand the mind of those who refused even non-combatant service. Russell thought that was the only reasonable stand for objectors to take. 'It should have been obvious,' he said, 'that a genuine objection to warfare involves an objection to the operations subsidiary to the actual fighting, just as much as to the actual participation in battle.' The purpose of non-combatant service, he pointed out, was 'to further the prosecution of the war, and to release others for the trenches.' So it was clearly unacceptable to a thorough pacifist. He sympathized even with those who refused to take the 'work of national importance,' which was later offered as an alternative to war service, and accepted

by most of the conscientious objectors. Of these 'absolutists' he wrote: —

Among such men are included most of the leaders of the movement, and probably a majority of those who realize the full implications of resistance to participation in war. They argue that they are already doing the work for which, in their own opinion, they are best fitted.

When it turned out that the 'work of national importance' to which men of high capacity were drafted was such as the weeding of prison footpaths, and the growing of turnips on Dartmoor at a cost of ninepence for each turnip (under the usual prison methods), it became apparent that fitness for the work was not taken into consideration, and that its importance was beyond discovering.

At the end of 1916 Bertrand Russell sent a message to President Wilson, appealing to him to intervene as peace-maker. He spoke of the prospect of two or three more years of war, and said: —

This situation is intolerable to every humane man. You, sir, can put an end to it. . . .

The harm which has already been done in this war is immeasurable. Not only have millions of valuable lives been lost, not only have an even greater number of men been maimed and shattered in health, but the whole standard of civilization has been lowered. Fear has invaded men's inmost being, and with fear has come the ferocity that always attends it. Hatred has become the rule of life, and injury to others is more desired than benefit to ourselves. The hopes of peaceful progress in which our earlier years were passed are dead, and can never be revived. Terror and savagery have become the very air we breathe. The liberties which our ancestors won, by centuries of struggle, we sacrificed in a day, and all the nations are regimented to the one ghastly end, of mutual destruction.

The United States Government has the power not only to compel the European governments to make peace, but also to reassure the populations by making itself the guarantor of the peace. Such action, even if

it were resented by the governments, would be hailed with joy by the populations. . . .

Like the rest of my countrymen, I have desired ardently the victory of the Allies; like them, I have suffered when victory has been delayed. But I remember always that Europe has common tasks to fulfill; that a war among European nations is in essence a civil war; that the ill which we think of our enemies they equally think of us; and that it is difficult in time of war for a belligerent to see facts truly. . . .

While all who have power in Europe speak for what they falsely believe to be the interests of their separate nations, I am compelled by a profound conviction to speak for all the nations in the name of Europe. In the name of Europe I appeal to you to bring us peace.

Perhaps Woodrow Wilson looks back to that letter at times, and reflects upon what might have been.

In spite of his hatred of violence and repression, Bertrand Russell is not an anarchist, even of the lovable type of Leo Tolstoy, or Rabindranath Tagore. He believes the use of violence by the police is justified, and he would have a league of nations, with an international police force. He thinks war even may be right when waged against an uncivilized nation. At least, he thought so in the past. Possibly his visit to China will have set him wondering which are the 'civilized,' and which the barbarous peoples.

During the past few months there have been published in this magazine reviews of Russell's writings on labor and social problems, and on the Soviet experiment in Russia. He is a Communist in theory, but he was keenly disappointed to find that the Russian Communists had established a government under which almost all the workers considered themselves merely the victims of a new tyranny. Since he went to Peking Russell has stated his attitude toward the class-struggle in a remarkable letter to an unnamed capitalist.

This friend of his had argued that the class-war was inevitable, and that the only thing to do was to take one's place in the ranks of one side or the other. Russell replied that there was still a chance of averting that war, and that he intended to work for peace so long as the least hope existed. If the war should come, a quick victory for the workers might do good. But —

The most probable result would be a warfare lasting for many years, taking the form of unprecedentedly bloody and brutal civil war in all civilized countries, involving universal starvation and ferocity, destroying the means of industrial production, reducing the population of the world by about 50 per cent, and leaving at the end an uncivilized peasant population, terrorized by robber bands.

But, he said, the class-war was not yet by any means certain. One thing that would help to avert it would be the granting of peace and trade to Russia.

Russell disputes the capitalist's contention that the present system of industry and society is just. And he expresses surprise at the other's references to 'liberty': —

What liberty is there now except for rich members of powerful nations?

What liberty have German mothers had since 1914? The liberty to see their children die of starvation, or grow up stunted and diseased because rival groups of rich men had decided that proletarians should kill each other.

What liberty has the Sinn Feiner at the present day? The liberty of having his

house burned down, and his children shot before his eyes.

What liberty has a man of unpopular opinions in the United States? The liberty of being shot in his home, or being trampled to death by a hired mob.

What liberty has a moderate Socialist in France? The liberty of being publicly assassinated, and having his assassin acquitted.

What liberty has the Hindu, or the Korean, or the Japanese trade-unionist?

The letter closed with a denunciation of 'the rich foreigners, who cause Russia to be blockaded and exhausted by civil and external wars.' To these capitalists — rather than to the Bolsheviki — he attributes most of the tragic misery in Russia to-day.

One would wish for space to review Russell's writings on religion. Though he hardly ever quotes Christ, his sentences constantly call to mind Christ's parables and principles. In his *Essence of Religion* he puts forth very simply and beautifully his faith that 'the Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' He says that Christianity has three essences of religion — worship, acquiescence, and love. In his attitude to children, too, he reminds one forcibly of the Nazarene. His powerful plea, that those who have authority over children should have the deepest *reverence* for the young soul, recalls the incident of Christ welcoming the children of Salem. 'For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

Probably the best book from which to gain a glimpse into Russell's social philosophy is the *Principles of Social Reconstruction*.

CIVILIANS AT FRENCH HEADQUARTERS

BY JEAN DE PIERREFEU

[The following entertaining sketch is by the author of G.Q.G. which was reviewed in The Living Age of January 29 and February 25. It pictures a state of affairs with which the hostile headquarters were also acquainted. Marshal von Hindenburg, writes in his Out of My Life, 'There was quite a large number of people who considered themselves compelled to open their hearts to me in writing about every conceivable occurrence, or to acquaint me with their views. It was perfectly impossible for me to read them all myself. I had to employ the services of a special officer for the purpose.' . . . 'Artists presented themselves with a view to immortalizing General Ludendorff and myself with their brushes and chisels; but this was a distinction with which we should have preferred to dispense, in view of our scanty hours of leisure, although we much appreciated the kindness and skill of the gentlemen in question. Neutral countries also sent us guests.']

From *La Revue Universelle*, July 1
(POLITICAL AND LITERARY FORTNIGHTLY)

AFTER the victory of the Marne, there was in reality but one power left in France, that of Joffre and the Staff. The government, deprived of all prestige by its flight to Bordeaux, cowed in the chieftain's shadow. It had scented the wind of catastrophe in the days when the Germans were marching upon Paris. The idea of rendering accounts filled with terror the greater part of those ministers who had upon their consciences their ancient obstruction of the law providing for three years of military service, and they prudently took shelter behind the responsibility of the military officials, whom they allowed to extend their operations to the maximum, thinking to substitute the soldiers for themselves in case of bad fortune.

It must be admitted that the latter, far from seeking to avoid this, displayed a certain ostentation in claiming full responsibility. So many details, so many essential things had not been foreseen prior to the war, and in turn, the dogma of the absolute autonomy of the military officials had been minutely determined. It will be remembered that everywhere, from the very first

day, officers were automatically substituted for civil functionaries, who seemed intruders in the general confusion. It was through an incredible oversight, of which the military command had frequent occasions to deplore the regrettable results, that the Ministers and the President of the Republic were not militarized!—When the latter dignitary, for example, had once signed the decree of August 2 and finished his patriotic addresses, he found himself, one may say, out of a job. No legal link bound him to the military organization. Had he been of age to bear arms, he would, without doubt, have reported to his station.

It was a bizarre situation, which at first no one realized. From his retreat in his palace, M. Poincaré, too proud to take the initiative, did not know how to get into touch with his chief general. What was going on? He did not know. Reading the newspapers, the stories of visitors, indiscretions on the part of the Minister of War, who was himself badly enough informed, did not suffice to give him an exact idea of events. This condition of things might have endured without the sturdy initiative of

Colonel Pénelon, then the President's attaché. This officer perceived at a glance the isolation of the chief of the state and his ignorance of the military situation. With that rapid decision which characterizes his profession, he set out by motor for general headquarters, having determined upon an audacious plan. Having reached Vitry which at that time sheltered the brain of the army, he penetrated to the third office, where he had some acquaintances. The reception which he received was rather cool.

'What are you doing here?' inquired a comrade of the same rank.

'What am I doing here? Getting some news for the boss,' replied the colonel.

Was it this phrase from political slang that exasperated the interlocutor?

'The boss,' he cried. 'There's only one boss here, and that's Joffre.'

Surprised by the voices, other officers approached and joined in chorus with the first. It would be a fine thing to see a civilian meddling with operations. In vain the unfortunate messenger tried to make them understand that the head of the state still retained some prerogatives, even though they were not inscribed in the field-service regulations of the army; the indignant officers tenaciously denied it. Losing ground, seeing that his mission was a failure, overwhelmed at the idea of returning empty-handed, the colonel cried:—

'But then, what *are* you going to do with the government?'

The reply to this (which I guarantee to be authentic) raises its author, ordinarily a man without irony, to a level with Molière's genius:

'The government? It can go run the colonies!'

By the grace of Providence, the general-in-chief was not of the same stuff. He retained memories of the days of political power, and he did not think

that a short and victorious war would lead to the end of the Republic. He very kindly set himself at the disposition of President Poincaré.

'You must come back, Pénelon,' he said to the colonel. 'There will be from time to time, some little things to tell you.'

Properly proud of his success, the attaché made a triumphal return. Two days afterward, he set out again for general headquarters, where he received the warmest welcome. He went there very often after that; and until he was made a general in April, 1917, Colonel Pénelon filled with devotion the function of liaison officer of the President of the Republic.

To return to the state of mind of the government, exiled at Bordeaux, the loyalty of Joffre, guaranteed by the *Dépêche de Toulouse*, somewhat reassured them. The general was put to the test on the day when he consented to insert in the order of felicitation to the troops of the Marne, the famous phrase about the army which the Republic had prepared and of which she should be proud. It is hard to believe that such a commendatory phrase could have burst spontaneously from an officer's pen. I have no difficulty in imagining that the editor of the generalissimo's orders had no taste at all for this rhetoric of the laity, obligatory upon him, but not passed without protest. One may ask himself what would have happened if the army had had at its head, at that moment, a general less orthodox. It is beyond a doubt that the government could not have associated itself without great fear in the immense popularity of a Pau or a Castelnau, if either of them had been the conqueror of the Marne. Would not Bordeaux have been fatally led to plot its own destruction. In any case, if it had been impossible to touch him, for fear of popular discontent, what sus-

picious would not have been shown. It was, I think, a great piece of good fortune for France that this situation was spared her. Would the Staff have been wise enough to endure hazing without reacting? The ambitious self-seekers, the men who make *coups d'état*, whom military men often find among them, would not these have been assembling about the victorious general?

It is so much the more probable that Joffre himself, in the first days of his triumph, saw that gate which he kept closed forced by enthusiastic visitors, full of mental reservations, who pretended to hold in their hands the fate of France. As is well known, the general voluntarily affirmed that he was a good republican; he has so often made that profession of faith that it has become notorious. It is perhaps well that he had the habit at that time, when this phrase served him as a defense to cut short the ambiguous insinuations which he detected behind the excessive admiration of certain visitors. One would be surprised to find out that men of position, men covered with honors by the Republic, and whom the Republic has often used in its service in high positions, have been in the number of these dangerous flatterers. If Joffre wished to let us share in his suspicions, we should have some curious confidences on this subject; but it is probable that he will say nothing.

When I arrived at general headquarters, that ferment of troubled hopes had definitely dwindled, but Chantilly remained the centre of worldly covetousness. Public men or society men, even though Joffre had by that time acquired the reputation of a taciturn, peevish fellow, impatient of cajolery, were highly desirous of approaching the grand chief and having a share in his glory. Even the writers held no more earnestly to the notion that they could utilize the historic and romantic mate-

rial which, they thought, must fill every corner of general headquarters. What letters, at once humble and pompous, have I not seen in the hands of the general, begging the honor of fixing for posterity the effigy of the hero of the Marne! Every day attempts were made to force a way in, and women were no less ardent in seeking to approach the holy of holies.

The fact that one had come back from Chantilly attracted as much attention as, in the eighteenth century, the fact that one was a Persian would have done. Mischievous people knew how to profit by this infatuation. I knew a certain officer, of the military government of Paris, whose service brought him, once a month, into the vicinity of general headquarters. He confined himself to making reports in some bureau, and returned after a few banal words exchanged with the officers who were present. One day in Paris, to my great surprise, he was presented to me as a friend of the generalissimo and in constant touch with him. People used to go out to have the honor of hearing, each time he returned from Chantilly, the ultra-fantastic tales that he imagined.

In reality, the general-in-chief defended himself with all his might against this intrusion, and his staff did its best to aid him in this task, in which, in certain cases, they exceeded propriety. A man like Maurice Barrès, for example, had to wait a long time before being received at general headquarters.

Along with Gabriel Hanotaux, Joseph Reinach was one of the most persevering in the effort to break into the isolation of general headquarters. He assumed, at once, a tone of pathetic familiarity in talking with the chief leaders. At the end of every attack, there were embraces, warm hand-clasps, exuberances as of a great man greatly moved. After every victory he would turn up,

to fall on Joffre's neck, weeping into his beard with emotion and giving the impression that he came in the name of France to thank the generalissimo for having saved the fatherland. Sometimes installed in an arm-chair, sometimes flat on his stomach among the office maps, sometimes even rummaging in the papers, he made himself quite at home — horribly indiscreet, but with such good-nature that one could not object.

General Pétain, with whom he tried to begin this treatment, had no particular appreciation of these manifestations — so little, indeed, that 'Polybe,' carried away by his impetuous temperament, fell victim on many occasions to the prevailing idea that France should take the offensive, and in covert hints blamed Pétain for his inaction. But this course did not prevent his writing the general letters which overflowed with effusiveness, and which ended with such stupefying formulas as 'I open my arms to you,' 'I crush you to my heart,' 'I embrace you.'

One used often to see, as an assiduous visitor, the painter Flameng, a member of the Institute, garbed in khaki and looking like a cross between an English officer and an art student. Flameng was received with pleasure because of his constant good-humor, his air of a good fellow, and the Gallic stories which he used to retail with bursts of laughter. But this cordiality, it is said, was only apparent, for he bestowed a junior officer's cavalier treatment upon the chauffeurs who had to drive him. For Flameng enjoyed the most extensive privileges. Life would have been very agreeable to him, if he had not ceaselessly encountered on the road Georges Scott, who was in inviolable competition with him.

By what miracle of ingenuity was that obscure designer of chromos — I am speaking of Georges Scott — able

to obtain authorization to move freely over the whole front? There is a mystery here, for the explanation of which we must seek the fantastic imaginings of the Minister of War, Messimy, unless, indeed, Scott accorded the right to himself — which is quite possible. In any event, his adventures during the war were like a moving picture. Mobilized at Versailles as a common soldier in the baggage trains, he hit upon the extraordinary notion of uniforming himself like a *chasseur alpin*. It was on his own responsibility, naturally, that he effected this travesty, in which he persisted until the end of the war.

He had the free disposal of an automobile and a military chauffeur, and depended on nobody but himself. Gasoline and tires were presumably furnished by the army. His uniform bedizened with facings, his *béret* coquettishly cocked over one ear, his civil cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast, he used to roll up to headquarters and present himself to the general as he had seen liaison officers do, achieving an impeccable military salute and clicking his heels — for he affected the martial gait of an old trooper. At first nothing was more of a burlesque than this 'blue devil' from the realm of fantasy, with the appearance of a dandy and the figure of a well-fed bourgeois. He had the air of playing the part of the tenor in a comic opera, and gave the impression that he would force his way through most of reconquered Alsace. Officers who were in need of amusement got used to his presence. He was discreet, however, very patriotic in his talk, and respectful to excess. He was invited everywhere, to messes and to generals' dining-rooms, the story having got about that he was the official painter of the Minister. His sentimental and patriotic daubings pleased simple souls, and he offered his designs

freely, knowing what they were worth. But for all that, authorization was pitilessly refused to really great artists, to go and see the war on the spot.

Georges Scott made his way from staff to staff, even up to general headquarters. He was presented to Joffre, and perhaps even invited to his table, but there he found himself confronted by a man of intellect and an enlightened amateur of art, General Pellé, who refused to take him seriously.

He took it into his head that he ought to rise in rank. Desiring to interest me in his cause, he told me that he experienced painful humiliations.

'Sometimes I happen to meet on the road one of our brave little soldiers,' he said. 'Whether the elegance of my uniform misleads him, or whether it is my Legion of Honor that deceives him, the moment he sees me, taking me for an officer, his hand rises for a salute; but a glance at my sleeve, bare of ornament, shows him that I am a private like himself, and at once his hand falls. Well, I feel as if I had received a blow, and blushes cover my face.'

According to Scott, the way to end this deplorable state of affairs was for General Pellé to authorize him to wear the bar of a sub-lieutenant. He did not ask either for the rank or the pay; the appearance was enough for him. I took his request to the general, who burst into a roar of homeric laughter and suggested to me that I had better not talk any more to him about Scott, in view of the fact that we were engaged in a war and not in a carnival.

Marcel Hutin had no need to solicit the confidences of the chiefs, in order to appear *au courant* of military plans. He confined himself to gathering up the gossip of the corridors of the Ministry and the Chamber. Indeed, we never had an offensive under consideration of which he did not know something or other, a month in advance, by means

of the confused rumors that got out. Combatants were the first to show themselves indiscreet when they came back on leave. Hutin, with a diverting air of assurance, a great supply of big type, italics, and mysterious formulas, simply spread among the great public the indiscretions which circulated in political circles. But he knew how to give to these mixtures such a stamp of genuine news, that even his fellow journalists were deceived and accused general headquarters of favoring Hutin. I can bear witness that there was nothing of the sort.

Upon one occasion he ended his article in the following fashion: ' . . . and as one of our principal leaders said to me yesterday in giving me his plans, "Courage, we'll have them yet." ' There was a formidable outcry among the journalists accredited to the military bureau of information at Paris. 'You see,' they said, 'Hutin receives hints. He says so himself. We want such favoritism to stop.'

Thereupon the Minister telephoned to general headquarters to ask that no exceptions should be made. General Pellé was interested enough to make an inquiry to see which particular 'principal leader' could have taken it upon himself to give information to a journalist who had not yet set foot in general headquarters, and who had taken no part in trips to the front. He learned from the lips of General Castelnau in what fashion the thing had occurred. One evening, being in Paris, the general had been stopped, just as he was entering his motor, by Marcel Hutin, who, hat in hand and with a smile on his lips, asked the favor of an interview with him. But Castelnau, excusing himself, merely said with his habitual openness, 'Courage, we'll have them yet.' It needed the magnificent audacity of Marcel Hutin to transform into 'plans' so brief a conversation.

His renown was already universal when he undertook to pay a visit to general headquarters. General Pellé consented, desirous, as he said, to see this 'phenomenon.' Hutin arrived at Chantilly in an automobile, very proud of the honor which was done him, at once humble, and yet bold as usual. At once he began, in a high-pitched voice, to give the general advice as to what must be done to obey the wishes of the country, adding that he took it upon himself to keep the public spirit firm. The general was much amused at the presumption of this journalist who, having come with the intention of learning something, had done all the talking himself without listening for a moment. But the next day the general got more light on this method of interviewing, when he read that he had stated as the intentions of the high command, the very things that Hutin had himself proposed.

If general headquarters held itself aloof, from some obscure hostility to writers, the generals of the fighting units, on the other hand, had the most cordial welcome for them. Many were invited to the headquarters of armies or army corps. They went directly, without the knowledge of Chantilly, although this was contrary to formal orders. In fact, the generals did not disdain to secure popularity by this means. They knew that in this way they would get the attention of the writers, who would take it upon themselves to spread among the public the legend of their exploits. Yet it is not always the chiefs who are to be held responsible for prop-

aganda which was sometimes carried on without their knowledge. Their staffs, eager for the reputation of their chiefs, were often the principal authors.

This explains the unequal renown of the generals of the war, the best known of whom are not always the best. That is the way fame goes in a democracy. I admit that it seems natural enough for staff officers to feel faithful attachment toward men for whom they have nothing but praise; but in so delicate a matter, in the interest of the country, the strictest justice ought to reign. These habits of comradeship, the relation as between client and patron, hitherto reserved for politics, are so implanted in our habits of thought, that at present whoever tries to establish a classification according to merit in war finds himself suspected of trying to help his friends.

The more I examine what is written, and what is taught, the more I doubt all history — a tissue of legends, of illusions, and of counterfeits. A man is so deceived in his opinions by clever people that one may think that the greater part of the time it is error that has succeeded in imposing itself. Why should our epoch be different from others? It has been given me, a living man, devoted to the truth, to witness events which I am, moreover, compelled to set in their true light. Every day the greater part are wrested from their true significance to the profit of some idea or of some man. If it has always been so, as there is ground enough for thinking, then history is nothing but a romance.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

BY ÉTIENNE SAINT-DENIS

[This account of the burning of Moscow is taken from the memoirs of a humble follower of Napoleon, who was an eye-witness of the conflagration. It is now published for the first time.]

From *Le Figaro*, June 4
(PARIS LIBERAL NATIONALIST DAILY)

PERFECT quiet reigned in the Palace of the Tsars. The silence was broken only by the heavy breathing of my companions, when I suddenly awoke, about midnight or one o'clock. Opening my eyes, I rubbed them with astonishment at seeing the room perfectly light. That certainly was extraordinary. I rose and went to the window, to discover the source of this illumination. Imagine my startled surprise at discovering that the whole city was on fire — at least the southern and western portions; for our windows looked out toward the west, across the Moskova.

It was a beautiful but terrible sight. Imagine a city, I should say as large as Paris, all in flames, viewed at midnight from one of the towers of Notre Dame. I aroused my companions, telling them to come and see. They were up in a moment and joined me at the window, watching the immense conflagration that was devouring the city. Since it was important for the Emperor to be informed at once, Constant decided to go to his apartments without delay. His first *valet de chambre* returned a moment later; and since he brought us no orders, we again retired; for there was nothing that we could do until daylight.

By morning the fire was raging, if possible, more furiously than ever; but it did not afford such an impressive sight in the daytime, and besides, you

get used to everything. Knowing that the Emperor was close at hand, we did not concern ourselves.

I was one of the first to get up. I always like to take an early morning walk, and went out at once for my usual promenade around the Kremlin. Everything was in confusion. Several detachments of guards had bivouacked in the great empty space in front of this part of the palace. Some of the soldiers were lying down, others sat smoking their pipes by the embers of their campfires. Parties were constantly coming and going. Empty bottles scattered around the fires indicated how the soldiers had spent the night. Every soldier I met had lost something or other. Dragoons were looking for bridles, saddles, or blankets, and in some cases even for their mounts.

All were watching the spread of the conflagration, which was rapidly consuming street by street those parts of the city which had not already fallen victims to its voracity. Orders were issued to save certain establishments; but we were helpless. We had no pumps, no pails, no water. We did not know where to find anything in this great city, deserted by its inhabitants. So we let things burn, merely taking from the houses things likely to be of immediate service to us.

What did the Emperor think of this sublime but tragic spectacle, this ocean

of fire which surrounded him and made an island of the Kremlin? His generals, discovering that the government offices had been reduced to a mass of cinders, and that the fire was already attacking the great bell-tower, urged the Emperor to leave the Kremlin and the city. He finally yielded to their urgent solicitations, though very reluctantly. After breakfast he thought the matter over, and about eleven or twelve o'clock, mounting his horse, and followed by his personal suite, he left the Kremlin and Moscow for Petrovskoy, a country mansion situated a few miles west of the city. His personal baggage, that of the guard, and the guard itself, followed. However, it took us some time to get ready, and we did not leave until rather late in the afternoon.

We had much difficulty in getting out of the city. The streets were blocked by burning timbers, fallen walls, and at some places by the flames themselves. We were constantly obliged to change our course, and even to retrace our steps, in order to escape being cut off. A strong wind added to the disaster. It carried before it dense clouds of ashes and smoke, which blinded us and our horses. Moreover, the highways still open were packed by a throng of soldiers of every branch of the service, carrying on their backs, on their horses, and in such native vehicles as they were able to seize, all kinds of food and booty taken from warehouses, shops, private residences, and cellars. It was a picturesque but chaotic scene.

Just before dark we luckily managed to get clear of the city. We drew a deep breath of relief, not only because we had escaped without harm, but also because we could again respire the pure air, free from the strangling odors of the smoking ruins. We reached Petrovskoy late at night. Wagons were parked around the Château, where the Emperor had arrived several hours previously.

If I remember rightly, Napoleon, with the Guard, the members of his personal household, and his baggage, returned to the Kremlin the next day. The silence of ruin brooded over the city. Whatever had been of wood was burned; whatever was of brick was for the most part crumbling. Only the churches, which were mostly of brick and masonry, had escaped the fire. Smoke was still rising from the vast sea of cinders, and nearly strangled us as we rode through them. I estimated roughly that two thirds of the buildings in Moscow had been destroyed.

We found the Kremlin and the Royal Palace just as we had left them. Probably guards had been placed there during our absence. The Emperor resided here as long as he stayed in Moscow.

Every day Prince Eugene dined with the Emperor. The latter was fond of talking with Grand-Marshal Duroc at table. One day their conversation turned upon the best way to die. His Majesty said that he would prefer to be killed by a bullet on the field of battle, but he feared he would not be so lucky. 'I'll die in my bed like a d—d dog.'

Every day, about two or three p.m., the Emperor, accompanied by his officers and guards, would take a horseback ride through the city and suburbs, returning only in time for dinner.

A troop of French actors — some ten or twelve, as I recall it — had been in Moscow, and remained after the Russians evacuated the city. These poor people lost practically everything they owned in the fire, and having no means of support, came to the Kremlin to ask assistance. There were two women in the party. When the Emperor was informed of their presence and their distress, he gave orders that they be cared for. From that time they were allotted rations. On one or two occasions, when the Emperor gave a party, the comedians were commanded to appear.

When we evacuated Moscow these poor people followed us, accompanying the baggage-train. The two unhappy ladies had to endure much hardship. One of them was already elderly, but a woman of strong will-power and physique. The other was younger and more delicate. One day, during our tragic retreat, I saw the older woman standing among a party of marines around a little camp-fire. The cold was already intense. The marines, who came from Southern France, were badly demoralized, and grumbled over the fearful hardships they had to endure. They blamed the Emperor for all their troubles, especially for bringing them to this accursed country. In fact, they vented their ill-humor upon him in the most violent terms. The woman tried to revive their courage, and I overheard her say:

'So you blame the Emperor. Don't you know that he is suffering as much as you; that it must grieve him deeply to be unable to save so many brave men who have followed him faithfully, as you have done? Don't you see him every day in your midst, marching on foot, and sharing your own sufferings and misfortunes? Remember that you are Frenchmen, and soldiers. . . . Here I am, a poor woman, already old. I have lost everything I owned. I am completely destitute. I have nothing to look forward to. However, I am bearing my hardships with resignation. What is the use of complaining, when that only makes us worse off than we already are? Have hope. Every day we are getting nearer friends and home. But we must be brave and hold out. Nothing ought to daunt young men like you.'

GAUTIER'S ESTIMATE OF BAUDELAIRE

BY MARCEL CLAVIÉ

From *La Nouvelle Revue*, May 15
(PARISIAN SEMI-MONTHLY REVIEW)

VERY recently, in conducting preliminary researches for a study which we intend to devote to Charles Baudelaire and his work, we were led to run through the principal publications of 1867, the year in which perished one of the poets of the nineteenth century whose literary conscience was finest and worthiest. The *Moniteur Universel*, the official journal of the Empire (which is to-day replaced by the *Journal Officiel*), for September 9, 1867, gives an extremely interesting and curious article by Théophile Gautier, of which

the greater part is devoted to Charles Baudelaire.

Although we may regret that in this literary study Théophile Gautier committed a serious blunder, in asserting that Baudelaire was born in India, when the official civil registry of Paris enrolls his birth at Paris, April 11, 1821, it is still a good thing, useful, even salutary, to read over the essay in which one of the masters of nineteenth-century literature gives careful and final judgment on the author of the *Flowers of Evil*.

When he had but recently learned of the death of Charles Baudelaire, Théophile Gautier wrote at the head of his article: 'For a long time death has been hovering over Charles Baudelaire; she had placed her bony finger on his forehead, and paralysis had rendered inert that body which was once so supple and agile. Then she withdrew, grimly certain that henceforward she would find him, motionless, in the place where she had left him. Later she returned, to deprive him of speech, taking the word away from the idea and rendering mute that ever-active brain. His hands could write no longer; and what could they have written, since to them there came no longer anything from those mysterious folds of the cerebral pulp, on which are traced, in invisible characters, that lexicon which the soul must con when it would hold communion with its fellow men? Yet the thought, which could not be transmitted, glowed in the eyes of the sick man; the thought translated itself by unknown formulas, images, gleams, sonorities, harmonies, which replaced the vanished language. Intelligence was not extinct, but glowed like a lamp in a dungeon-cell, visible only through the narrow slits leading up to the air. What a horrible torture! To understand and yet not be able to reply, and to feel the words, once so docile and obedient, take flight at the first attempt to use them, like a swarm of savage birds. Death at last took pity, and the torture reached its end. The executioner let fall the finishing stroke, that had been so long suspended.'

In reading over these pages one can realize easily how great was the influence of Baudelaire upon the generation of 1867; how all its literature was saturated with the works of certain contemporary authors; and to what degree Théophile Gautier had himself felt the influence of Baudelaire's spirit in writ-

ing the lines which I have just quoted, and those which are to follow.

Théophile Gautier then devotes some courageous and vigorous thinking to the literary personality of Baudelaire. 'Although his life was short (he lived scarcely forty-six years), Charles Baudelaire had time to express himself and to write his name on the wall of the nineteenth century, already crowded with signatures of which many can no longer be read. His name will remain there, we do not doubt; for it designates a vigorous and original talent, disdainful, even to excess, of the banalities which win a vogue, caring for nothing but the rare, the difficult, and the strange, with a keen literary conscience, never, for the necessities of life, abandoning a work until he saw that it was perfect, weighing every word as misers weigh a doubtful ducat, looking over a proof ten times, submitting the poem to the subtle criticism of which he was capable, and searching with an indefatigable effort after the particular ideal which he had set up for himself.

'Born in India [a gross error on Gautier's part, against which we warned the reader at the beginning of this article], and understanding English perfectly, he began by translations of Edgar Allan Poe — translations so excellent that they seemed to be original works, and the thought of the author gained in passing from one idiom to the other. Baudelaire naturalized in France this cunningly bizarre spirit, compared to whom Hoffman is merely a Paul de Kock of fantasy.'

The author of *Émaux et Camées* could not help writing a few lines on the subject of the *Fleurs du Mal*, in which so many of the poets of to-day and yesterday, without even questioning whether it is from the form, the freedom of the thought, or the richness of the images, find themselves akin to Charles Baudelaire. With much liter-

ary feeling he gives an appreciation which even to-day retains all its value and all its flavor. Word for word, this is what he said:—

'We have never read the *Fleurs du Mal* of Charles Baudelaire without involuntarily thinking of a tale of Hawthorne's. They have those sombre and metallic colors, that gray and green foliage, and those odors which rush to the head. His muse is like the daughter of a doctor, whom no poison can affect, but whose complexion, by its bloodless dull color, reveals the nature of her environment.'

That comparison would please Baudelaire and he would have loved to find in it the personification of his talent. He would thus glorify himself in the phrase of a great poet:—

'You endow the heavens with a kind of *macabre* art; you create a new shudder. Yet it would be a serious error to think that among these mandragoras, these poppies, and these saffrons, there is not found here and there a fresh rose with innocent perfume, a great flower from India opening its white cup to the dew from heaven. When Baudelaire paints the uglinesses of humanity and of civilization, it is never without secret horror. He has no complaisance for them and regards them as infractions of the universal rhythm. When he is speaking of the *immoral*, a great word of which one knows the use in France as well as in America, he would have been amazed that he should have been understood to stigmatize the merits of the

jasmine and to extol the wickedness of the bitter *ranunculus*.'

Théophile Gautier ends his article for September 9, 1867 by brief homage, worthy of such a critic as the author of *Paradis artificiel*, and he concludes: 'Baudelaire was an art critic of perfect fairness, and he brought to the appreciation of painting a metaphysical subtlety and an originality of viewpoint which makes one regret that he did not devote more time to work of this kind. The pages which he wrote on Delacroix are most remarkable. . . .'

We have confined ourselves in this article to quoting faithfully the most striking passages in Théophile Gautier's paper, in order to show the fraternal devotion which the author of so many poems of classic form wished to show in his appreciation of the works of Baudelaire, taken as a whole.

To-day our youth is reading Baudelaire passionately, quite unlike the youth of 1868, which was given over to the influence of Romanticism. When the City of Paris honors the house in which he was born by placing a tablet on it; and when literary societies are being formed to perpetuate the cult of the author of the *Fleurs du Mal*, it seems to us that it would be as well to give appreciation to this great poet, and critic,—an appreciation that is authorized and justified,—so that admirers, more numerous to-day than yesterday, may judge in their turn the work of Baudelaire, without any passion and with respect and admiration.

THE RETURN OF SIDI EMMHAMMED

BY RAOUL STOUPAN

From the *Revue Bleue*, July 16

(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BI-MONTHLY)

SIDI EMMHAMMED BEN LACHMI pulled the hood of his burnous down over his eyes as he entered his home. He felt weary, so weary that he wished for, death — good, friendly death, down under the crazy weeds of the cemetery. Squatting in the shadow of his bare room, he lighted a cigarette. His khaki blouse, spangled with the ribbons of his decorations, hung from a nail and the three *galons* of a captain in the French army glistened on the sleeves, bringing back all the memories of the military career that he had abandoned, his flight from his father's house, his enlistment, the constant study of the years of his apprenticeship, the joy of rising in rank, year by year, his pride when he became an officer, his marriage to a daughter of France, the terrible war with the quick promotion that it brought, his citations, his medals —

He had come back to the town of his fathers, after he had been given his discharge — the little town that he had quitted one clear morning in flowery May, so long ago. It had seemed lovelier than ever to him on his return, — his birth-place, Blida, — welcoming him home again, and he had murmured again to himself the words of the old *marabout* (seer): 'You are called a little town, but for my part, I call you a little rose.'

He was glad that he was all alone as he received the first smile of the village. He had urged his wife to stay at Algiers for a little while. He knew that his father was reconciled to him, but he wanted to make sure of his good-will

before bringing home the daughter of a *roumi*. He must prepare things; he must not hurry matters; there was need of tact. No one awaited him at the railway station, — not even old Lakdar who had cared for him when he was only a little fellow, — but, no whit disturbed, he made his way to the Arab quarter of the town, his soul throbbing with his memories.

As he approached the house, apprehension overtook him. How would his father receive him? Sidi Emmhammed's heart, hardened by long service in camp and under hurricanes of fire on the battlefield, failed him, like the heart of a child who knows he has done wrong, so that he almost trembled as he knocked at the discolored door.

It was Lakdar, a broken old man now, who received him with the quiet glance of a good old dog. In the rear of the court, on a frayed old rug, Sidi Lachmi was smoking his *kif*. Sidi Lachmi did not open his arms for the patriarchal embrace, as is the custom of the Arabs. After a quick touch of their hands, he kissed his forefinger negligently and then sat immovable. Only the keen eyes in his brown scarred face were alive, and they pierced down to the very bottom of his son's heart. The captain, humble under his uniform with its stars and crosses, lowered his eyes.

'My father,' he said, finding it difficult even to speak, 'may Allah be blessed for having kept thee in health!'

The old man bowed his head without reply; and then, with a longer glance, he

murmured slowly, 'Since Allah has brought thee again to the house of thy fathers, let it be thy first duty to don again the dress that they have worn.'

Emmhammed went to his room without protest. He had never contemplated putting on coat and vest and trousers, when at last he should doff his uniform; for European clothing seemed to him at once disgusting and without grace. But this reception destroyed the joy of his home-coming. He ended the day shut up alone in his room, on the divan.

It was not until the next day that his father, a little more ready for speech, called him 'my son,' for the first time.

'My son, since thy departure, not once have I gone forth from this house, that I might escape the glances of these black sons of darkness who have come to be our masters, and to whom thou hast delivered over the days of thy youth. If thou hast wounded my sight with that clothing which recalls all this to me, let it be for the last time.'

'It shall be even as thou dost wish, my father,' replied Sidi Emmhammed. He dared not speak of his wife.

He set out from his home at random and rambled sadly through the streets of Blida. Friends of his childhood crossed his path, and either did not know him, or pretended that they did not. He pulled his cloak about his eyes and went back again to his home.

That is why Sidi Emmhammed, captain of the First Tirailleurs, was smoking cigarettes in a chamber of his father's house and wishing for death. Did he regret his military life, the life of the quasi-European, which had taken the finest years of his youth; or was he glad that he had lived so? What would have been better? He could not think of anything. But it seemed to him that it would be good to end his days beside that jet of water falling monotonously in the fountain in the

court, with his wife beside him, the wife whom he had chosen and whom he still loved, in spite of the first threads of silver about her temples. This Frenchwoman was growing old less rapidly than Moorish women; she was still desirable; there was a charm about her which he had never found in the little prostitutes of his own race, the only women of his own country whom he had ever had a chance to know. The upshot of it all was that he loved her and that she sufficed for him.

But what of his father? Would he endure her presence in his house? Suppose his father refused — what then? Go back with her? Live like a European, amid the noise and bustle of a great city? It was an odious idea to him. Weary of movement and action, he longed for repose, for the enveloping peace and calm of Islam. To make the same gestures over and over, between the morning prayer and the evening prayer, in the quietness of Blida, where it was always spring; to sink to sleep in warm and perfumed arms; to grow old insensibly amid the insensible flight of things — there was the happiness that he craved, until death. For a moment he hated the father, who kept him from fulfilling his happiness as he longed to have it; then atavistically, the resignation of his race swept him away.

The shadows of the night were stealing into his chamber when Lakdar came with a message: 'My master sends word that his son will visit Sidi El Hadj Belkassem.'

Emmhammed was not annoyed. He saw in the incident only a welcome diversion. With his learning and his gracious manners, with his talk his quotations from the Koran and from the poets, the aged holy man had a charming unction of his own. Emmhammed found him little changed in spite of his great age, though he had, perhaps, grown more circumspect.

El Hadj begged him to partake of his evening meal, *kousskouss*, moistened with whey; and as they slowly ate, he asked question after question. Did not the officer regret the profession of arms? Was he glad to return to his own land? Why, then, had he married a Frenchwoman? Were there no pretty women to be found among the Arabs? He would not let her go unveiled in the streets?

Emmhammed made evasive replies to these insidious questions but the old *marabout* sought to pierce his very soul, taking upon himself the rôle of moral adviser to one whom he considered as a son. The old man was not to be put off with half-answers. He had an impressive way of saying, with a smile, 'Allah looks into the bottom of your soul even as I into your eyes.'

Little by little Emmhammed unbosomed himself further. Was it by design that the past was mentioned? Had the years that had gone by helped without his knowing it, in this distortion. He admitted that he had suffered among the *roumis*. All in all, he felt himself to be different from them; and then their attitude, their kindness, — which sometimes masked their hatred, — their insinuations, the very thoughts which he sometimes suspected in them, often wounded him to the quick. He talked at great length of his superiors or of his 'comrades' — a phrase of devotion which he repeated with a shade of bitterness — in order to keep from talking of his wife.

'There is no good in association with the infidels,' concluded the old *marabout*. 'One of our sages rightly says, "The Arabs are at an equal distance from extremes, at the centre of the physical world and at the centre of the moral world." They are in the best position, then, for the best of everything is its golden mean.'

'Yes,' said Emmhammed, replying

to the old man like his echo, 'pride fills my heart when I read on the gate of Djemaâ-Djedid d'El Djezaïr those glorious verses of a poet (to whom may Allah accord his mercy): "Since Allah has called Him who called us to obedience, the most noble of prophets, it is we who are the noblest among all peoples."'

The meal was over. In its earthen bowl the red *felfel* gleamed.

'My son,' said El Hadj, 'let us go to the café of Mouloud. There we shall find the true believers of Blida, and hear the best tales that the story-tellers know. Thou shalt see once more the friends of thy childhood. They will rejoice to know that thou hast not forgotten us, but hast returned to the ways of Allah.'

The two men went out together. A crescent gleamed in the sky from the dome of a high mosque. They smiled up proudly at it. The café of Mouloud was swarming. In the light of the lanterns some Arabs were playing dominoes, others were playing cards, while still others were silently sipping their coffee. In front of the *oudjak* Mouloud, with his thin, angular face and scanty hair under his turban, was busy. Smoke filled the room.

Introduced by the *marabout*, Emmhammed received a welcome which was warm, though a little pitying. Friends of other times, who that very day had seemed to have forgotten him, now embraced him warmly. About the smoking, sweet-scented cups, they chatted quietly; but El Hadj, seeing in the rear of the room a little old man with whitish eyes, happily sipping his *kaoua*, called out to him in an imperative tone:

'Abdallah! Come tell us the tale of the hundred and one sittings. I bring a hearer who has never heard thy tales.'

His face lighted by a smile, the blind man rose, and, with lagging step, felt his uncertain way among the squatting

coffee-sippers. He found a place in the circle that had formed about the *marabout*, drank, in slow small sips, another cup of syrupy coffee, paused a moment for reflection, cast up his sightless eyes toward the smoky ceiling, and in a measured, sing-song voice with a slight swaying of his body, he began his story:—

‘In very ancient times, this happened. All the saints of Moghreb gathered themselves together to decide to what authority the true believers of the land should submit themselves. Long and bitter was their debate, and it lasted for a hundred and one sittings. Turn and turn about, very many of the holy ones spoke, one after another, some for the Turks, some for the Franks. The warmest advocate of the Franks, the aged El Marsli, declared that they were good people, wise, tolerant. “They will bring us order and security,” said he. “The fields shall be worked and again grow fertile; our cities shall be secure and safe. Roads properly built will bring to El Djezaïr the dates of the desert. The oases will spring up afresh about new wells. Amazing machines that spit out smoke will carry the sons of the prophet more speedily than the swiftest *meharas*. The poor and sick will be healed and cared for. And you will see that the *roumis* of France will protect the sanctuaries of Allah and will respect the tombs of the saints.”’

Sidi Emmhammed, wrapped in warmth and languor, thought, ‘Yes, the French have done all those things, and my wife and I, Sidi Emmhammed Ben Lachmi, belong to their race.’

The old story-teller recounted the intervention of Etsa-Albi, the patron of El-Djezaïr, who sought to put the assembly of the holy ones on its guard against these suspicious benefits. ‘For he said, “The French are no less than Manichæans, adorers of idols, an ac-

cursed race. Their faces will blacken till the day of judgment. They have but one aim: to make Allah’s adorers like themselves. They come with words like honey. They set up schools to turn aside the children from the holy religion. They take for their army the best of the young men of Moghreb, that they may complete their corruption. They seek to destroy the home of the Mussulman. They set up the scandal of their women, with faces uncovered and forever at the sides of the men. By the most devious ways they alienate the true believers from the Faith and the Law. In every public square, like poisonous spiders, they seek to snare the poor Mohammedan fly in their webs.”’

Sidi Emmhammed murmured sadly to himself that he had been such a fly, caught in the snare of the infidel. But he would break away, he would flee back to the sunlight, the fair sun, Mohammed. The syrupy coffee, the smoke of the tobacco, the melodious drone of the story-teller, all this twined about his heart like a penetrating intoxication.

The story ended. The group, squatting as they talked, said that the Cross, for a little time, might supplant the Crescent. But what is a hundred years in the eyes of Allah?

‘They may crush us again and again,’ said the story-teller, ‘but never shall they destroy us. No, on the other hand, many of them shall be won to the Law of the Prophet, as true believers. As for the true believers, submitting to the will of the All-Powerful, they may wait with confidence in the Master of the Hour.’

‘This will come about,’ thought Emmhammed; ‘and if my eyes are not then closed in death, on that day I shall give all the strength that is left in me to Allah’s service. *Akarbi*, I swear it!’

All night long Emmhammed was in

prayer. The next day a letter came from his wife, who asked whether he had fixed the day when he would see her once again. Because he thought the time for asking his father's consent to bring her had not yet come, he did not let himself dream of it. To win the indulgence of Allah and true inspiration, he fasted for three days, and every evening he went to visit the *marabout*. It was on the third day that the aged El Hadj came to see Sidi Lachmi and had a long conversation with him. Emmhammed went to pray at the tomb of Sidi Yacoub, and he met the holy man in the street, returning to his house. Emmhammed, greeting him respectfully, went in. His father, standing in the courtyard, embraced him for the first time.

'Rejoice, my son,' he said, 'to find the truth once more.'

That night the prodigal broke his fast. When he awoke next morning, only the chirping of the birds broke the peaceful silence of the dwelling. He rose and prayed, turning toward the east. Then he took up at random a Koran which lay on a little table, and unrolled the scroll. His eyes fell upon this *sura*: 'O prophet, bid thy wives, thy daughters, and the wives of the believers, to draw their veils low. Thus shall they be neither despised nor slandered. God is indulgent and merciful.' Then at last Emmhammed ben Lachmi thought the hour had come. He went to seek his father, and with humility begged permission to bring home his wife. The old man made a gesture of impatience.

'What does a woman matter?' he said. 'If she will live like the wives of the believers, let her come.'

The officer waited for no more favorable response. He went back to his chamber and slowly wrote a letter, in the language of the *roumis*, but mingled with the images of the Orient, involved formulas, and protestations of his love. He prayed his wife to submit to the Mussulman Law, to live the enclosed life of the Mohammedan woman, to go abroad rarely, and only with the veil. He would rejoice to take her again to himself, and he would never have another wife. If she would not consent, though it would grieve him, he would never see her again, and since, for one who has not reached old age, it is hard to live without a wife, he would marry the daughter of a believer, according to the usages of his race. His conscience and the respect that he owed his father enjoined this conduct on him. It was all that he could do. But he hoped that she, 'the chosen of his heart,' would yield to his noble desires; he hoped ardently for it, for no woman in the world could give him so supreme a joy as she.

Emmhammed read his letter attentively. Then he folded it, sealed it, wrote the address hastily, and went himself to post it, after which, he went back to his chamber, repeated the *sura* of the Koran word for word, and prayed. Then Emmhammed ben Lachmi, late an officer of the First Tirailleurs, awaited with watching and fasting, the will of Allah.

HOW THE PEACE CONFERENCE DEALT WITH SILESIA

BY MERMEIX

[This author, whose book upon the Peace Conference is remarkably well documented, and who appears to have access to reliable inside sources of information, has just made public that portion of the discussion at several sessions of the 'Council of Three' which related to Upper Silesia. The text is taken from the memoranda made by the interpreters who were present.]

From *Le Figaro*, July 11
(PARIS LIBERAL NATIONALIST DAILY)

LLOYD GEORGE proposed that a plebiscite be taken, concluding his argument in its favor with these words: 'I am convinced that the popular vote will be favorable to Poland.'

Clemenceau. — So far as Poland is concerned, there is, first of all, an historical crime to be atoned; but there is also the need of creating a barrier between Germany and Russia. You can read the interview just given by Mr. Erzberger. He demands that Poland be as feeble as possible, since it separates Germany from Russia. He adds that, when Germany and Russia come to terms, Germany can attack France with better promise of success than in 1914. Is that what you want? Germany, mistress of Russia, means that our dead have died for nothing. That is all I want to say on the subject just now.

Wilson. — A plebiscite in Upper Silesia seems to me a difficult undertaking. It will be necessary first to expel the German officials.

Lloyd George. — Do you mean the petty officials?

Wilson. — No, I mean those who have charge of the general administration.

Clemenceau. — Don't forget, however, that the central government appoints the mayors in Germany.

Lloyd George. — I agree that the prin-

cipal German officials should leave the country before the vote is taken.

Wilson. — Yes, but more than that. Fifteen or twenty great German capitalists own Upper Silesia.

Clemenceau. — That's true, too — particularly Henckel, of Donnersmark.

Wilson. — A free and uninfluenced plebiscite would be an impossibility, according to my advisers, in a country which has been so long under an alien government, and which would be in constant fear of reprisals unless the Germans were evicted.

Lloyd George. — However, in spite of that fear, the Poles won the elections of 1907. My advisers, and I personally, believe a plebiscite would be favorable for Poland. They think that such a plebiscite would prevent the Germans from laying claim to the country later.

Wilson. — There is no strong public sentiment in Germany in favor of retaining Upper Silesia. It is entirely an affair of the big capitalists.

Lloyd George. — However, the German government is controlled by the Socialists, and they are the ones who protest.

Wilson. — Yes, but at the instance of the capitalists. I repeat, an uninfluenced vote is impossible.

Lloyd George. — Very well. We can occupy the territory during the election.

Wilson. — They will say we are exercising military pressure.

Clemenceau. — Whatever happens, the Germans will continue to protest.

Lloyd George. — A vote will be no less valuable on that account. Moreover, how can the Germans intimidate the laborers who oppose them? We have had cases like that in Wales, and we have beaten the big mine-owners.

Wilson. — You are comparing things which are not comparable.

Lloyd George. — I repeat that the elections have been favorable to the Poles in the whole district we have in mind.

Wilson. — Those were local elections not a plebiscite to determine the country's nationality.

Clemenceau. — We have not promised that a popular vote will be taken in this region.

Wilson. — But now, what would your plan be in detail?

Lloyd George. — The same as for East Prussia.

Wilson. — And if the Germans refuse to obey the decision of the League of Nations?

Clemenceau. — You will ask them to promise. They will promise, but they will not keep their promise. Is that what you wish?

Lloyd George. — I do not exclude the hypothesis that we may have to place troops in the plebiscite zone.

Wilson. — I wish to point out again that Germany will charge us with using military compulsion.

Lloyd George. — One division will be enough.

Wilson. — And it will be enough to lay us open to the accusation I have just mentioned.

Lloyd George. — I want peace. I know from other sources that the question of Silesia is of the utmost importance for Germany. I prefer to send one division to Silesia rather than a whole army to Berlin.

Clemenceau. — Who tells you that will be the alternative?

Lloyd George. — So far as a free election goes, that is our business. If Germany should resist the enforcement of a plebiscite favorable to Poland, the British army would march on Berlin with enthusiasm. That is what I want. I must have the English people behind me if there are new difficulties.

Wilson. — Your intentions are excellent. But if we send troops, we shall be accused of exercising military pressure.

Clemenceau. — I have listened to you two with great attention. My personal objections are these. You want to avoid difficulties, and are making them worse. A plebiscite — is that a panacea? Not in Germany, where liberty has never existed. To hold a popular election, and then get out and leave the rest to take care of itself, would be very fine; but it would be a crime against Poland. If we garrison a plebiscite zone with our troops, Germany will say we have exerted pressure, and you know what the result will be. Inside of six months or a year, you will have all the embarrassments of war in a nominal state of peace, and the situation will probably be worse than it is to-day. You say, Mr. Lloyd George, that you do not want to march on Berlin. Neither do I. If we have sacrificed the lives of millions of soldiers, it was to preserve our existence. You say you want to know what Upper Silesia really wants. I reply, that, when Germany holds the country, Upper Silesia cannot tell us what it does want; and that if the Allies take charge of the country, the Germans will claim that the election is not a fair one. You want to appease where the simplest and wisest thing is to say no. We honestly believe we are drafting a just treaty. Let us stick to that. Your popular vote and occupation will be only a seed-bed for future controversies, and perhaps for future

battles. In a word, it will have an effect precisely the opposite of what you wish.

Lloyd George. — But if you fear Germany's opposition, you are much surer to have that if no popular vote is taken; and we must recognize that, from the legal point of view, Germany's case will be much stronger than it would be otherwise.

Wilson. — We said in drafting the bases of our peace, that Poland would receive all provinces indisputably Polish.

Lloyd George. — But the Germans say that this is not true of Upper Silesia.

Clemenceau. — How is that? You know perfectly well that German statistics themselves made Upper Silesia Polish by a large majority.

Wilson. — We must come to some decision. We might consent to a popular vote controlled by an inter-Allied commission. We may declare in advance that the plebiscite will be vetoed if the commission reports to us that pressure has been used.

Lloyd George. — I want to avoid a conflict. The Germans of Upper Silesia consider the Poles an inferior race,

whom they despise. If you put Germans under Polish rule, you are breeding trouble.

Clemenceau. — You may be sure you are going to have trouble anyway, either now or later, whether you have a plebiscite or do not have it.

Lloyd George. — I do not agree on that point.

Clemenceau. — The future will tell. But I beg you not to forget what I have just said.

Wilson. — I believe we ought to have a plebiscite; but not earlier than within a year, and not later than within two years. Professor Lord is informed by an American who has studied the situation on the ground, that all classes of the population want a popular vote. But Mr. Lord is personally opposed to it.

Clemenceau. — I have nothing to add to what I have already said. But I continue in my opinion that a popular vote is a mistake. Since I am a minority, I must bow to your decision. I still believe, however, that we are courting trouble in Upper Silesia, and that it would be better to settle the thing off-hand.

THE AMERICAN NOTE IN MUSIC

BY CARL ENGEL

[Mr. Engel is a young American composer, in whose music an almost classical feeling is united with a highly individual sense of tone-color. His output is comparatively small, and his published works are confined to music for the piano, violin, and voice. An English critic recently wrote, 'The work of Engel is proof that America has young composers of the greatest promise.']

From *The Chesterian*, May
(ENGLISH MUSICAL MONTHLY)

THERE is such a thing as an American note in music; only, for the present at least, you must not seek it in the symphonies and grand operas made in America. Those articles of bric-à-brac still bear the trademark of an older china shop which goes on 'doing business as before,' because the providential bull, after each of his not infrequent visits, obligingly strews new *isms* on the ruins of the one he tossed and gored.

America is not lacking in native composers of real worth and high technical proficiency. The most advanced among them, Charles T. Griffes, died too young to fulfill all the promise of his great talent. Music is being written to-day in the United States, which commands attention, not because it happens to be American-made, but because it is fine music. Nevertheless, it is almost entirely unmarked by national or racial traits. The work of American composers has, these many years, ignored the inventiveness and daring so splendidly exemplified in nearly everything else that American force and ingenuity have created or reshaped. Originality, in the sense in which Whitman, Poe, and Whistler possessed it; boldness, such as American architects have shown, not to mention industrial and scientific pioneers — these qualities are yet to find a way into the art-

music of America. Ornstein must needs be counted out, as must Bloch and Salzedo. Among the native-born, few seem to walk ways of their own. A certain symphony, intended to depict in four movements the cardinal points of American landscape and character, might — as far as musical distinctiveness goes — be titled 'Everywhere and Nowhere.' The opera of an ardent demonstrator in American-Indian folklore, honored, for patriotic reasons, by a performance at the Metropolitan, is daubed all over with blotches of warranted-not-to-fade Sioux and Chippewa, in order to give the music 'native color.' And yet these works are representative American music!

They are representative because they typify the two main sources from which the unoriginality of so much American music has sprung. One was the influence of Europe. That was natural and, to a certain degree, unavoidable. It went with the training of American music-students in Paris or in Munich. But the case is more serious and quite humiliating, when we consider the second, namely, the musical 'borrowing' from the black man and the red, and when we see musicians applying the curling-iron or the war-paint to their tunes, by which processes they pretend to give us American music, which, in reality, but apes the merely tolerated

negro or the ruthlessly exterminated Indian, who, each in his own manner, did that sort of thing a great deal better than the white man can ever hope to do.

Of course, and contradictors notwithstanding, there never was and never will be an American folk-music, such as for instance Russia, Germany, or Scotland knows. Some people have seen therein the American composer's chief difficulty in obtaining a note of individuality. But the fact that a race inherited a wealth of ancient and traditional tunes does not always make for abundant musical genius of a high order. If it did, why do we not hear more from Greece or Polynesia? No doubt, the Southern negro is responsible for many characteristics in music which have passed for 'American.' There is the genuine bush-and-jungle thing, fierce and grand, preserved in a good many negro tunes; and there is the pseudo-darkey song, the kind that Stephen Foster wrote, pretty and domesticated — the amiable, shambling coon in congress-boots and stove-pipe.

It has never been established how many of the so-called plantation songs were nothing but Africanized English melodies, popular in the days of the colonists. No sooner did the packet bring from London a consignment of new publications for Messrs. Carr & Co.'s Musical Repository in Philadelphia, than these shilling sheets sped north and south. Floating through the parlor windows of Georgia and Virginia mansions, such snatches of the latest Covent Garden or Royal Circus show must have been quickly seized by the more musical dwellers in the slave quarters. It is not reasonable to believe that 'My heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee,' one of Hook's Vauxhall songs published by Anne Bland before 1793, and clearly recognizable in the later negrofied 'Darling Nelly Gray,' was an isolated case. Too few of the songs by

Dibdin, Shield, and Storace have been examined from that point of view. Whether real or spurious, these negro elements are beginning to wear away; they are becoming 'bleached' and are taking a newer, indigenous shade. No matter what insistent advocates may say, the plantation songs of the South, the rich store of peculiar, tribal melodies of the Indian, cannot be regarded, or used, as foundation for true American music. They are foreign elements of a dead past.

It would seem that the geometric patterns of New Mexican basket-weavers never suggested to Mr. Sargent an elaboration of them into 'native art.' Nor did Mr. Carl Sandburg include in his *Chicago Poems* one imitating the naïve language of a negro 'spiritual,' which would have been about the same kind of tribute in poetry that musicians are proud to render the Pullman porter.

As a matter of fact, the inflections of negro melody, the provocativeness of Afro-American rhythms, do not lack fascination for us Caucasians. Debussy did not escape it. But no one would call him 'an American composer' because of 'Golliwog's cake-walk' or 'Minstrels.' If, on the other hand, Mr. Henry F. Gilbert — who can be eminently eloquent in Celtic moods — writes a clever and effective comedy overture based on negro themes, the accident of his birth in Somerville, Massachusetts, is made a reason for passing off personal idiosyncrasies as 'native music.' The overture may be, and probably is, as characteristic of Mr. Gilbert as 'Minstrels' is of Debussy; but it is no more American music than is Debussy's. Dvořák caught the germ in New York, and forthwith set a very bad example. Chaikovsky, bidden to inaugurate Carnegie Hall, was saved. Imagination shrinks from the thought of what the infection could have wrought in him. MacDowell, better than any one else,

succeeded in giving noble musical expression to the spirit of the Red Man. But in spite of his Indian Suites, ethnology and Leipzig could have done as much. Perhaps only hybrid music benefits a hybrid people. One native composer — and not the least talented imitator of Ravel — has written, in all seriousness, a 'Polonaise Américaine.' After that the 'Tyrolienne Turque'! But the ties of nationality are weaving ever tighter; the many-colored strands are gathering into cloth of new and single hue. . . .

It is the same *Volkstümlichkeit*, or popular contemporary origin (not ancient folk-song!), that is the root of the real American note in music. It did not make its entry timidly, in peasant skirts; it kicked out brazenly, in tights. Its cradle was the vaudeville stage. The fairies who bestowed their graces on the infant were all the fair ones from the Five Sisters Barrison and Josephine Sabel (was not that the name of her who so inimitably sang 'There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night'?) down to the beauty chorus in our own day's 'Ziegfeld Follies.'

Much as polite academicians may decry it, much as the American vassals of musical Europe may turn their heads in haughty disdain, the fact remains that it is Messrs. George M. Cohan, Irving Berlin, Louis M. Hirsch, and Jerome Kern (not very Anglo-Saxon, to be sure), who are to-day making musical history in America. These gentlemen are aided and abetted by sundry bands of lusty 'jazzers' whose blatant noise-producing instruments are shaking up our aural sense into accepting as proved, if it required proving, Dr. Burney's prediction of a 'legitimate' use of noise in music.

The development of popular music in America, during the last fifteen years, has been astounding. While Vienna, Paris, and London have succeeded only

in repeating, over and over again, the formulas of Johann Strauss, Offenbach, and Sullivan, New York has set the pace with tunes that have captured the world. Why not acknowledge that the war has produced in music nothing more typical of the spirit that won it, than the extraordinary Mr. Cohan's superbly confident 'Over There'? Is it indeed so trivial and trite that it may not take rank with the immortal 'Ça ira'? Compare with it the senile war-ditties of Messrs. Saint-Saëns and Widor, well-intentioned but inadequate, with the pathetically impotent 'Berceuse Héroïque' of the dying Debussy, or the spineless 'Madelon.' There was the American-made 'Tipperary' and the British admonition to 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' But nothing really expressed the Allies' final go-to-it-iveness as did 'Over There.'

The key-note of American popular music is optimism, is 'punch.' The nation which, since the advent of prohibition, is all the more enthusiastically given over to the pursuit of 'Gold, Woman, and Song,' is a mixture. Hence you may find in its so-called 'street tunes' traces of Russian lugubriousness, German sentimentality, Italian syrupiness, and French vulgarity. But the true American note is that happy affirmation of the joy of living, the delight in bold and sensuous harmonies, the predilection for snappy and suggestive rhythms. In other words, it is the healthy negation of misery, murder, and metaphysics. Therefore it is not unessential to the white race, which is clearly put on its defense. History being dotted all over with *dal segno* marks, we see the whole of Europe seeking oblivion and relief in the panacea of the dance; this time the piper is American, being the only one left with breath enough to pipe.

Shall speculation be ruled out of musical criticism because, generally, 'it

comes the other way'? What fun posterity would lose! Let us then speculate what a composer might accomplish, who, in a day when we shall have forgotten how to dance the fox-trot (along with the *pavane* and *gigue*), should succeed in idealizing, not the actual dance, but the spirit that animates it. Perhaps in that direction lies the unique opportunity which belongs to American composers. Not all of them have blindly passed it by. It is difficult to say who was the first to see it.

Some ten or twelve years ago, Mr. Arthur Shepherd, one of America's most independent composers, wrote a piano sonata, quite remarkable considering its date. It contains no trace of negro or Indian. It is interesting because its last movement is based on a cowboy tune that Mr. Shepherd had learned to know while, as a young man, he conducted a vaudeville orchestra in his home town, Salt Lake City. That tune is autochthonal, it has the 'punch.' A more recent specimen is the trio for flute, viola, and piano by the young Chicagoan, Leo Sowerby. The scherzo of that work is obviously something that can be described only as American. It has no counterpart in music. Neither Dvořák nor Debussy could have written it; not even Mr. Gilbert. Reports have it that Mr. Sowerby's piano concerto has the same ring. Both Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Sowerby know Europe only by having served in the Expedi-

tionary Force of their country. They studied music in America.

There are other and smaller works which, for all their relative unimportance, are none the less characteristic of the trend. Whatever may be said of it, there is this advantage in the tendency, that music may derive from it a contribution, positive and universally applicable by white musicians. It is no longer the attempted infusion of elements forever alien and irrelevant, such as the Afro-American and American-Indian motives. It remains to be seen whether more will come of these meagre beginnings. The American note is there. Even Europe seems to have caught a faint echo. Stravinsky and Satie, among others, have not neglected the manner and the label. Not quite at ease with the newcomer, those who would cultivate the acquaintance persist in erroneously calling it 'rag-time.' The 'colored' ingredient is no longer the strongest, however much the rhythm may occasionally smack of the minstrel band.

Transformed by the touch of white hands, it has gained in variety, elasticity, and a certain impudent swing. The stuff is Aryan, in the main, with perhaps a dash of Semitic effervescence and over-emphasis. It is happy, and at its best, supremely virile. For the present, the mad racket of the 'traps' is still deafening our ears to its finer properties.

A MOOR MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

BY M. FENECH MUÑOZ

From *La Vanguardia*, January 29
(BARCELONA CLÉRICAL AND FINANCIAL DAILY)

THE lofty and precipitous summits of the Sierra of Beni-Hassan are still lost in low-lying clouds that pour through the passages between the peaks like gigantic cataracts of billowy foam. A ribbon of mist marks the course of the rivers through the valleys. The rising sun has not yet driven the night-fog to its day retreats.

Herd of gentle cattle here and there block the way. They are being driven to the green upland pastures. Fat milk-cows and sleek oxen refuse to hasten their pace as we approach, but the calves dart aside and make off in an ecstasy of leaps and bounds, as if they welcomed a chance to exercise after the night's confinement in the stable.

Our trail, as we advance inland, runs close to numerous gardens, mostly cultivated, though here and there we pass one that has been abandoned. These gardens and the open country are fertile and attractive. I do not know who planted the beautiful flowers which dot the fields in all directions. Sweet-scented narcissus, bright geraniums, and dwarf acacias with their spikes of white blossoms, are growing everywhere, in both cultivated lands and pastures. They are never out of sight, from the moment we leave the city until we reach the village that is our destination.

As we draw near the latter, we pass parties of laborers at their daily toil. They have left their hooded cloaks beneath a tree, and are working in shirts and baggy trousers of white cotton. Others are sitting on their heels, quietly watching their flocks. Little whitebirds

— *pica-bueyes* — are constantly flitting and hopping about the cattle, or perching on their backs, where they rid them of parasites. As we approach, these birds desert their charges and take temporary refuge in the leafless trees, making them look like almond trees in blossom. Two Moorish mountebanks pass us. Contrary to the usual custom of their people, they travel with their heads unshaven and uncovered. One of them is playing a kind of flute and leading by a cord a reluctant goat. Each carries a well-filled haversack. They stop and salute us, and beg a coin, — '*Perra gorda, señor*,' — stretching out their hands. These native acrobats live constantly on the road. They are welcome guests at the Moorish camps and villages, where they are well entertained in repayment for their feats of strength and agility. Wealthy people present them with goats, which they sell later in the market. The less well-to-do often give them eggs and chickens. Others provide them with meals and lodge them during their stay at the village. Thus they live, constantly journeying from one place to another, contributing their mite of entertainment to the monotonous life of the mountaineers, who, though savage in war, are as easily amused as children.

The Moorish settlements are scattered haphazard along the sides of the mountains, and are separated into districts bounded by streams and gulleys. Their villages are always near running water, and consist, for the most part, of miserable, thatched adobe huts. How-

ever, two or three masonry houses, carefully whitewashed, generally stand a little apart from the main settlement as if they feared contamination from its dirt, together with a pretentious and, if possible, still whiter *zania*—half-school, half-mosque.

Each village is surrounded by a thicket of prickly pears ten or twelve feet in height. These are interspersed with agaves, whose great spiny leaves make this vegetable rampart a formidable obstruction. The tall central shoot of the agave, with its crown of yellow flowers, rises high above the surrounding thicket. These stems are dried by the mountaineers and used as roof-beams for their houses. From the leaves they make a kind of paper, and they spin the fibre into yarn, which they weave into cloth.

Between the hedge surrounding the village and the village proper, one generally finds a number of olive, orange, and pomegranate trees. Pomegranates are very common in Morocco. Their bright-red flowers, when they open in April and May, stand out in striking relief against the dull-green background of the agaves and prickly pears. The fruit ripens in August, and is not only eaten, but also largely used for tanning leather. As soon as one enters the enclosure formed by the village hedge, he is sure to encounter flocks of chickens. These are smaller than those with which we are familiar in Spain, but are much esteemed in this country. Pigeons also abound, because the natives believe they bring the blessing of Heaven to the home that feeds them. Besides chickens and pigeons, each village also supports a number of long, lean, sharp-nosed dogs of a pale-yellow hue. When the latter saw us, dogs of infidels, courteously greeted by their masters, they incontinently fled, meanwhile howling, in a peculiarly melancholy way—as if the world must be going to ruin when strangers like us, in

foreign costumes, received a ready welcome in their homes.

At the entrance of the village, we were surrounded by a horde of little children, who deafened us with their requests for '*parras*' (that is *perros*, copper coins). They escorted us through several of the narrow streets. When we approached, many doors and windows were opened, for the women were curious to learn the cause of the commotion that announced our arrival, and to see with their own eyes the strangers who had thus disturbed the drowsy village routine. Their henna-stained hands drew their veils more closely around them as we approached; so that all we saw were some white-clad figures surmounted by an oval patch of dusky forehead and a bright-colored kerchief, from beneath which escaped, here and there, a few locks of short black hair.

We noticed in front of many of the houses a little mud structure looking like a large beehive. These were household ovens where the women of the family bake bread.

One of our Moor companions invited us to enter his house. This was a modest masonry building, standing somewhat apart from its neighbors. He courteously served us with the universal tea. Between our cups he left us a moment, to light a big box-wood pipe, carved and decorated with bright colors, and fitted with a diminutive bowl of clay. The pipe was filled with *kif*, a narcotic seed, lighted and passed from one to the other. We avoided this disagreeable ceremony under the pretext that *kif* irritated our throat.

After leaving the house, we were taken to a rustic café, with divans consisting of high brick ledges covered with mats, which were also hung against the wall half-way to the ceiling. Several Moors were reclining lazily on these benches, drinking tea and smoking. The proprietor prepared the beverage

at a little brazier in one corner of the room. Two or three Moors were playing on *guembris*, two-stringed guitars, and on a kind of tambourine made of pottery, shaped like a spindle, open at one end, and closed with parchment at the other. The remaining guests chanted a monotonous song to this accompaniment, meanwhile beating their hands.

Several of our Moorish friends kept us company until we left, partly to entertain us, and partly to prevent our falling into the grain-pits where they store their harvest. These are close to the roadway, and are cunningly concealed to prevent theft. The *merras*, or village watchman, who guards the grain, saluted us as we passed.

Leaving the village and returning toward the city, we passed many women bowed under the weight of enormous bundles of wood and grass, and also carrying, in many cases, an infant swung by a band in front of them. Will it be possible for Spain to bring the blessing of modern civilization, as we understand it, to these villagers? To accomplish that, we shall have to overcome many prejudices, some of which are based on religion and others on the traditional indolence of a race which regards destiny as something fixed beforehand, and which condenses its philosophy of life in these few words: 'Everything that will ever happen already stands written to-day in the book of God.'

A PAGE OF VERSE

WILD ROSES

BY CONSTANCE GREEN

[*The English Review*]

FASHIONED that man may know
how fair can be
The common things God shapes
continually.

Flushed like a maiden's cheek
when in her heart
Love and its mysteries
tremblingly start.

Stenciled each perfect leaf
with crimson veins,
As if God still could spare
time, and great pains.

Treasured as heart of her,
she doth enfold
In her sweet scented cup,
stamens of gold.

Framed in her sheath of green
on a tall spray,
Unfolds this lovely flower
at break of day;

Holding her rosy cup
up to the Sun;
Folding his secrets close
when day is done;

Falling when life is past
with one faint sigh;
Lovely, even in death,
her petals lie.

Fashioned that man may know
how fair can be
The common things God shapes
continually.

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

BY 'TOMFOOL'

[*The Daily Herald*]

[*From an interview with Miss Phyllis Monkman:
'The Spirit of To-day is the Spirit of Joy—joy
that the war is over, that we can dance and sing
and laugh again. Everyone is cheerful. Everyone
dances. Everyone laughs. Listen!'*]

EVERYONE dances!
Everyone laughs!
Everyone glances
Good humor and chaff.
Listen! my boy—

Can you not hear it, the Spirit of Joy?

Everyone bubbles,
Everyone sings,
Everyone's troubles
Have taken to wings!
Listen! my boy—

Who can be deaf to the Spirit of Joy?

The world is in clover,
Tra-la-la-la!
War is all over,
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Listen! my boy—

Is n't it splendid, the Spirit of Joy?

*What are you hearing
That catches your breath?
What are you fearing?
Your eyes look like death.
Listen! my boy . . .*

Everyone's cheerful!
Ireland — the Rhine —
Nobody's tearful!
Song, dance, and wine!
Don't listen, my boy!

The guns, drown the guns in the Spirit
of Joy!

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

M. BERGSON RETIRES

THE retirement of M. Henri Bergson from the faculty of the Collège de France, after forty years of service, is said on reliable authority to be due to three motives: his failing health, his desire to escape from the 'lime-light, and two ambitious pieces of research, which will complete his lifework and require all his energy for years to come. M. René Gillouin, writing in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, explains that the famous philosopher, now past sixty, is suffering from neuralgia and unable to bear the heavy burdens of his official position.

As is well known, Professor Bergson's fame has spread with embarrassing rapidity in fashionable Parisian circles, so that his lecture-rooms are often swarming with the élite of the city, who profess to be Bergsonians without in the least understanding what that philosophy implies. From all this M. Bergson naturally desires to retire into a scholar's solitude, where he will devote himself to giving final form to a series of essays which are the *suite* to *L'Energie Spirituelle*. In the preface to these he will sum up his philosophical doctrine, and examine its relation to the theories of Einstein. This task completed, he will undertake an exhaustive examination of the moral ideas of the human race.

M. Paul Souday wrote an article in *Le Temps*, soon after M. Bergson's retirement was announced, in which he described what he believed to be a similarity between his thought and that of Taine and Renan. M. Gillouin, refuting this view, sheds some interesting light on M. Bergson's approach

to his subjects. It is, of course, well known, that five years of preliminary study of aphasia went before the writing of *Matière et Mémoire*, and ten years' examination of evolutionary literature preceded *L'Évolution Créatrice*. But, says M. Gillouin: —

When M. Bergson devoted five years to the study of aphasia, it was not merely to assemble all the cases of the disease which had been described in special works, and to make a complete collection of them; it was to *criticize* them, not in the literary, but in the philosophical sense of that term. M. Bergson thought he saw that the physicians who described the phenomena of aphasia mingled in their descriptions, without being really aware of it, certain preconceived ideas of philosophical or metaphysical origin, which were not involved in the facts themselves, and that all his effort after that ought to tend toward disengaging these brute facts — or, more exactly, these positive facts — from the arbitrary interpretations in which they were enwrapped. It was only when this disentanglement was once accomplished, that he could set out in quest of a correct interpretation, exactly based on fact itself. It was on this narrow but immovable base of a sound theory of the relations between language and thought that he must set up his whole conception — at that time so novel, though it has since been absorbed by the popular mind — of the relations between the physical and the moral, spirit and matter, soul and body. In the same way, for *L'Évolution Créatrice*, it was upon a pitiless and definitive critique of the evolutionism of Spencer — considered as an arbitrary superposition of preconceived ideas upon the facts of biology, ontogeny, and palæontology — that M. Bergson set up his neo-transformism. In other words, philosophy, as M. Bergson understands it, requires that one be first a scholar, then a critic, then a metaphysician.

THE FLIGHT OF ENGLISH CLASSICAL STUDIES

ENGLISH universities have long been regarded as the last stronghold of *literæ humaniores*. Consequently, it is surprising to find that a committee appointed by the Prime Minister to inquire into the place of Greek and Latin in the English educational system has submitted a report which shows a falling off in these studies almost comparable to that in the United States.

The committee was made up of twenty members, men and women, including heads of schools and colleges, and scholars of acknowledged reputation, all of whom are advocates of the study of the classical languages. They examined the situation in all of the British universities and found reason for grave misgiving. Even in the older universities the number of students reading for Classical Honors bears no proportion to the increase in students, and in the newer universities the situation is still worse. In the public schools few boys are learning Greek and there is a tendency to drop Latin after the middle and lower forms.

The classics found championship in an unexpected quarter when the witnesses who came before the committee to represent the Labor Party declared that they 'looked forward to schools which would do for the workers what Eton, Harrow, and Winchester have done for other classes in the past,' and asserted that the wider outlook which increasing democracy will require of the worker is best to be attained 'by the study of the classics in the continuation schools.'

The committee made recommendations for encouraging classical study.

*

CHINESE HUMOR

If jokes about Jews and Irishmen ever wear out, a world that must needs

laugh will probably fall back upon the rich store of anecdotes current in China, which are as yet scarcely known to other nations. The Chinese have a strong sense of the ridiculous. They delight in making jokes, and are even broad-minded enough not to mind being paid back in their own coin.

Mr. W. Hopkyn Rees of the London School of Oriental Studies has recently translated a number of the lively and amusing stories which have lightened his scholarly labors in Chinese. One of the best of them has for its theme the hard lot of the hen-pecked husband.

Ten husbands who had good reason to commiserate each other met in a temple and exchanged views on the situation. They agreed to burn incense before a god, to declare themselves sworn brothers for mutual protection, and to have a feast to inaugurate the club which was to deliver them from the tyranny of their wives.

When the feast was in full swing, ten angry wives arrived at the temple. Nine of the blood brothers sought hiding-places from which they might view the proceedings in security. One brother remained in his place, and, though the women scolded him, he took not the least notice. The ladies got tired of talking and departed, and the nine emerged. 'Our brother is the most courageous,' they said, 'we will make him president of the club.' They approached him. 'Alas! alas! our chief, while sitting there, has died of fear, and is now with the saints!'

*

THE BURN'S MANUSCRIPTS

ROBERT BURNS'S family Bible has been sold to the trustees of the Burns Cottage and Memorial at Ayr, and is to be returned to the cottage immediately. It was purchased by Mr. T. C. Dunlop, secretary of the trustees, for £450. In the Bible the family name is spelled

'Burnes,' a spelling which the poet later dropped. This Bible was sold seventeen years ago for £1,560, Messrs. Quaritch, the owners, having apparently accepted the lower price in view of the fact that the book was to be placed in the Memorial. Another relic secured was the complete autograph manuscript of 'The Jolly Beggars,' which sold for £450.

A fortnight later a complete manuscript copy of Tam o' Shanter, originally made by the poet for presentation to De Cardonnel Lawson, was sold to a private purchaser for £500. The manuscript is of some importance, containing as it does the lines, later excised by Burns, which described the exhibits of 'auld Nick's haly table':

Three Lawyers' tongues turned inside out
Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout;
Three Priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk.

The omission of these lines in the published version of the poem is said to have been due to the representations of friends, who finally dissuaded Burns from sending them to the printer. Burns presented the manuscript to Mr. Lawson in 1790, the year of the composition of the poem, after they had met at the home of Robert Riddel of Friar's Carse.



MAXIM GORKY'S CHILDHOOD

MAXIM GORKY'S memories of his childhood have been translated into French, under the title *Ma Vie d'enfant*, by M. Serge Persky, who has made available a work of great value to students of Russian literature. The novelist's recollections do not, as a French critic observes, form 'a nice book,' but they have the merit of aiding in the comprehension of one of the most significant Russian writers of the day. Hitherto Gorky has always been content to let the veil hang before

the days of his youth, although many of his books had made clear enough the bitterness of those days. Indeed, it was only as a concession to the requests of his friends that he at length wrote the present work, of which M. Émile Henriot says in *L'Europe Nouvelle*: —

A unique book, horrible and yet powerful, so black is the painting, a nightmare vision of primitive humanity, far from us and yet near, and with it all, so different, in which, as in ancient Flemish paintings, one sees the contortions of the damned and of the evil angels.

The beginning of the book is sufficiently gruesome — Gorky's recollection of his father's death, and the birth of a posthumous child, which died before the father's funeral. Of the burial he recalls only one detail, the little toads that leaped into the open grave and were buried alive under the shovelfuls of earth thrown on the dead man, — an incident morbid enough even for a Russian novelist.

The household to which the little Russian boy went afterward was scarcely calculated to efface the impression. His mother soon disappeared, and he grew up in the household of his grandfather, head of the dyers' guild, in which also lived two brutal uncles, who on one occasion tried to drown him in a pool, and who later, by compelling their father to divide his property between them, drove him into ruin. The only bright spot in Gorky's life at this time was his old grandmother, who, though she took refuge from her household cares in drink, was otherwise sweet-tempered, gay, and always ready to tell stories to the future novelist. Of her he writes: —

Before she came, I slumbered, sunk in I know not what shadow; but she came, she awakened me, and she took me to the light. . . . She kept between my soul and the world outside, a narrow bridge of light, and

she became at once the friend nearest to my heart, the dearest and most understanding. It was her disinterested love for everything that enriched my life and filled me with that unconquerable strength of which I had so much need, to endure these trying times.

The sudden reappearance of his mother, and her marriage to a nobleman younger than herself, did not improve matters. Soon wearying of his wife, the step-father covered her with blows and one day kicked her on the breast in the presence of her son, who, in a frenzy of anger, tried to kill him. Such was the family life which Gorky knew during the first ten years of his life, — a sordid medley of drink and blows, relieved by periods of repentance, beatings of the breast, and frantic invocations of Heaven.

"I seem to myself during my childhood [Gorky writes], to have been like one of those beehives in which rough and uncultivated people store the honey of their experience and their knowledge of life, generously enriching my soul according to their means. Often the honey was bitter and impure, but none the less, knowledge is always a prize.

One summer he built himself a little shelter in the garden, where he spent the nights and where he was wakened by the birds in the morning. Of this period he writes: —

All the nuances, the sounds, filtered like dew into my breast, such a great and peaceful joy, that the desire filled me to rise at once, to work and live in harmony with the beings who surrounded me. — That summer was the calmest and most contemplative period of my life; it was at this time that the feeling of confidence in my own powers was born in me and grew stronger in me.

Further on in his book Gorky ventures some penetrating criticism on the mind of the Russian, and sets forth his reasons for describing his early miseries: —

Long afterward I learned that Russians, compelled to live a life of poverty, seek for

sorrow as a distraction. They amuse themselves that way; like children, they take pleasure in it, and it is a very rare thing for them to have any shame about being unhappy. . . .

In recalling these unthinkable abominations, which are so characteristic of Russian life, I ask myself sometimes whether it would be better to speak no further of them. But I reply to myself with the new assurance that it is necessary, for it is the truth, living though vile, which even to-day is not realized. The truth must be known, down to its very bases, that we may uproot from the memories of men even the memory of the horrors which soil all Russian life. . . . It is not only because bestial mud is so rich and productive among us that our life is remarkable, but also because pure and wholesome and fertile things are beginning to burst their way through these obstacles. In spite of everything, generous sentiments are growing, and there is unquenchable hope for our arrival in a life of humanity and light.



MORE OF MRS. ASQUITH'S DIARY

SPEAKING at a dinner in his honor just after he had received his baronetcy on the last honors list, Sir William Berry announced that the *Sunday Times* next year will publish another installment of Mrs. Asquith's diary. Sir William referred to the publication of the now famous first part of the diary as an example of the necessity of extreme caution on the part of the journalist.

By the vast majority [said he], the memoirs are read with interest, but they meet with severe condemnation by those who would apparently have us believe that dullness is an essential part of respectability and responsibility.

For myself, I am quite unrepentant, and I gladly seize this opportunity of announcing that we hope to make life more interesting in these Isles next year by publishing the second volume of *Mrs. Asquith's Memoirs*. Further and more detailed particulars will, of course, appear later.

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